-ACE THE EUROPEAN WAR, BY MAX LERNER

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Clarence K. Streit Reviews:

"A FEDERATION FOR WESTERN EUROPE"
By W. Ivor Jennings
and
"THE QUEST FOR PEACE"
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"THE ARKANSAS"
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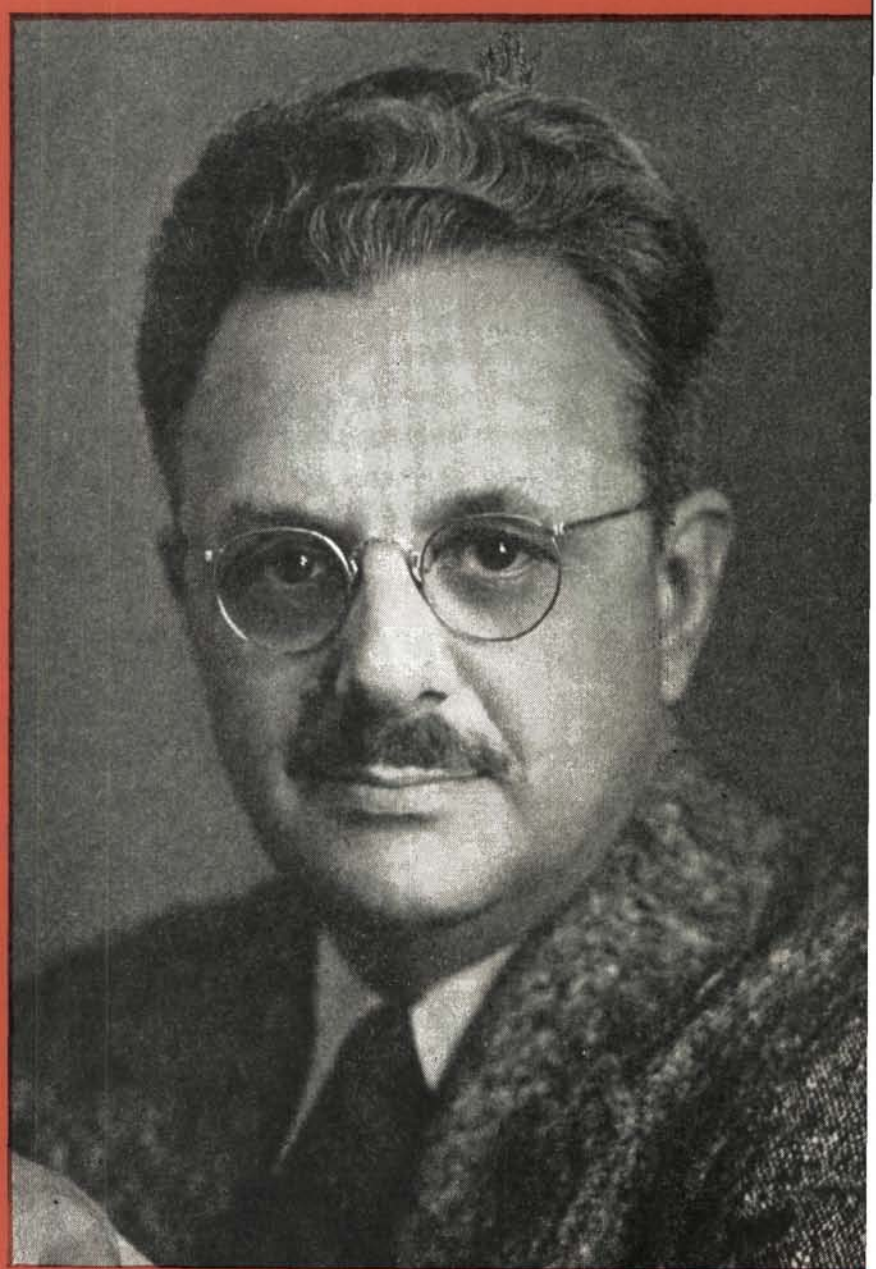

CLYDE BRION DAVIS "has a strange, romantic, and preposterous story to tell" . . . *(See page 5)*

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Face the War

MAX LERNER

I WRITE during Europe's hour of decision, while Nazi planes are strafing the populations of the Low Countries and the bursting bombs are spelling out the pattern of generations to come. If Waldo Frank's promise in his new book* of the moral chaos of the world needed confirming, this staccato accompaniment would furnish it. Yet for all its note of passionate urgency the book might have been written as well when the Junkers rained death over Guernica during the Spanish war, or when Mr. Chamberlain stepped from his plane at the Croydon airport bringing peace in our time; and it will be read just as well a decade from now, whatever the issue of the war. For Mr. Frank has written the only kind of tract for the times that is worth the ink and paper it costs—one with a long-range philosophy about men's purposes and men's motives.

Much of the aridness of today's discussions of American foreign policy proceeds from their failure to formulate these basic philosophical promises. All the schools of thought from immediate intervention to extreme isolation bandy about a common body of data about military strength and strategy, economic resources, moral contrasts between the contestants. Everything depends on what tricks you play with this well-worn material. Thus far, very few who have discussed the war have gone beyond this thrashing of the dry straw of argument. Which of the many spokesmen for one school or another has really sought to discover those springs of human action and currents of world history which alone can give meaning to all the empirical arguments? In this crisis, as never before, the questions we must ask of our intellectual leaders when they profess to guide our action go deep to the bases of society and history. Are they thinking of the war as a self-contained entity or as a symptom of something much more comprehensive? Are they aware that the world is in the process of revolution? What do they conceive to be the nature of that revolution? What are their ideas of how democracy must reorganize itself to survive? What do they think have been the origins of Hitlerism and what the sources of its strength? What do they think of the rational and irrational in man? What view do they hold of the human animal—not Hitler but *homo sapiens?*

Eric Schaal

The daedalian vision of Mr. Frank on his moral heights becomes an icarian collapse. . . .

It is because Mr. Frank has the courage and insight to face some of these questions that I find his book exciting. Those who have followed his intellectual career will recognize in this book all the master-themes of his thinking—the attack on empiricism and rationalism, the passionate striving for wholeness and for the moral springs of creativeness, the mysticism and the religious strain, the criticism of American life and the evocation of American leadership and cultural maturity. From "Holiday" to "The Bridegroom Cometh," from "Our America" through "The Rediscovery of America" to "In the American Jungle" Mr. Frank has never failed for a quarter-century to urge all these themes. What he has done in this book is to gather them together, compactly and very much foreshortened, and apply them to the world crisis today and America's role in it. The book will prove irritating to many. It is shrill, and what will seem the note of urgency to some will seem hysteria to others. Its high seriousness, rarely tempered by a saving humor, often becomes pedantic and sometimes downright funny. It struggles with a mystical vocabulary more likely to be encountered in commentaries on the Rig-Veda or the Upanishad than in discussions of contemporary public problems. Yet we would be wrong to set too high a store on the verbal commonplaces of most of our books, where the language has been worn smooth because the thought has been worn empty. Mr. Frank is one of those writers who tries to say more than he can. But no one can afford to dismiss the body of his thought smugly because the whole of it has been an attack on American smugness. This book is no exception, nor has anyone the right to criticize it who does not bring to it as radical an approach and as thoroughgoing a philosophy as Mr. Frank does.

ITS argument runs somewhat as follows. There is nothing as empty as the American boast of uniqueness and the condescension implied in "Thank God, we live in America." We are not isolated from Europe but integrally related to it, "the focus and fulfillment of ways and means of the whole West." We are part of its "great tradition"— Hebraic — Greek — medieval —which recognized the individual as a person with roots and a vision extending beyond himself. We are part also of the western religion of materialism that has grown up to humiliate Europe and threaten American survival —the shallow religion of industrialism and the machine, of things and reason and pragmatisms in which Rousseau and Marx and John Dewey are linked, Stalin and Chamberlain and Roosevelt. Fascism, which has a life-cycle of its own, is also implicit in us, and the guilt for it rests heavily on our own intellectual spokesmen who have fashioned a religion that includes things and excludes the spirit,

**CHART FOR ROUGH WATERS. By Waldo Frank. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 182 pp. $1.75.*

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that includes rationalism but leaves life out. The roots of fascism are deep in the psyche of the common folk who, finding their strongest emotions damned and frustrated in our sort of world, turn their energies into hate—and submission-channels. War is not in itself good or bad but may have its delights; far worse than war is a disgusting peace which is in the end only an anarchy of small wars, and which because of our inertia and cowardice allows fascism to conquer without facing a serious challenge. We must recognize that we are in the midst of a revolution. We must make that revolution creative—in our education, our cultural criticism, our political parties, our whole consciousness. Elsewhere, in a recent *New Republic* article, Mr. Frank had added to this general exhortation a more specific one: "With every ounce of our economy, of our political prestige, we should make ourselves *non-belligerent* allies of the Allies." Yet his book deals with the long-run rather than the immediate, and with the analytic rather than the programmatic. It insists that whether or not we become directly involved in the war, we can save ourselves from barbarism only through a "collective conversion" to a new "synthesis value." Only thus can we take the leadership in releasing men's emotions once more, and making them persons in the context of a religion.

The merit of Mr. Frank's book is that it dares deal greatly with a great theme. Its complexity lies in the multiple role Mr. Frank essays of being at once religious prophet, moral exhorter, fashioner of new myths, social analyst, historian of ideas, political polemicist. The weakness of the book is that the apocalyptic vision that gives stature to Mr. Frank's prophetic faculties does not give equal stature to his abilities as a social and political analyst. If I may myself use the language of myth (a great temptation, once one is steeped in the book) the daedalian vision of Mr. Frank on his moral heights becomes an icarian collapse as his creature wings soar through the real air of social thinking over the real earth of social institutions.

And this brings me to my quarrels with Mr. Frank. The first is with his theory of history. He considers technologies, economies, and social institutions as the products of states of consciousness, rather than the other way round. His whole theory of history seems to be idealist-Hegelian. He sees world history as a succession of states of consciousness—call each of them "religion," "ethos," what you will—operating through a dialectic that is never made clear, and hurling up out of its mysteriously changing depths economies, states, wars. I should have thought we had gone beyond this view and seen it for what it is: the attempts of intellectuals to make themselves the center of the historic process by making their ideas and dreams and symbols the prime movers in life and its final creative principle. Given Mr. Frank's view it is hard to see what dynamic there is that causes the shifts in these religious visions, what gives them life and death, growth and decay, what makes some survive and pushes others under. Spengler at least, who was as passionately anti-materialist as Mr. Frank and as wedded to the organic principle in history, gives us a cyclical theory which, whatever you may make of it, does present a framework for historic changes. Lacking this Mr. Frank finds himself compelled to fall back on the concepts of sin, salvation, and the regenerative force of conversion, all of them rising somehow from the depths of the individual conscience.

THIS raises the question of materialism. I do not say against Mr. Frank that the material is all. I think most of us have outgrown such notions if we ever had them. I do say that technologies and their organization, natural resources, geography, population, condition the outer limits of cultural creativeness, and that the interplay between these changing frames and the psychic drives of the people working and living within them has conditioned human history. I say that the emphasis on living standards and on the release of the ordinary man from economic exploitation is and has been a healthy thing in Western culture. Mr. Frank has some harsh things to say of the materialism of Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath." "The economic humiliation of the Joads by their exploits," he writes, "is as nothing compared to their spiritual humiliation by the author." I have met this brave doctrine before, and I know its easy harmonies, which will be welcome in the ears of that depersonalized creature, the Associated Farmers. It was Spengler, in his "Prussian Socialism," who spoke of the common materialism of socialism and capitalism, calling socialism the capitalism of the masses, and capitalism the socialism of the Stock Exchange. What remains when you have thus disposed of both is the "spiritual" socialism that Spengler glorified and Hitler exploited. I do not deny the seeds of destruction in Western culture. But I say that it is the breakdown of our economies that has produced our moral breakdown rather than the other way round, which is the way Mr. Frank

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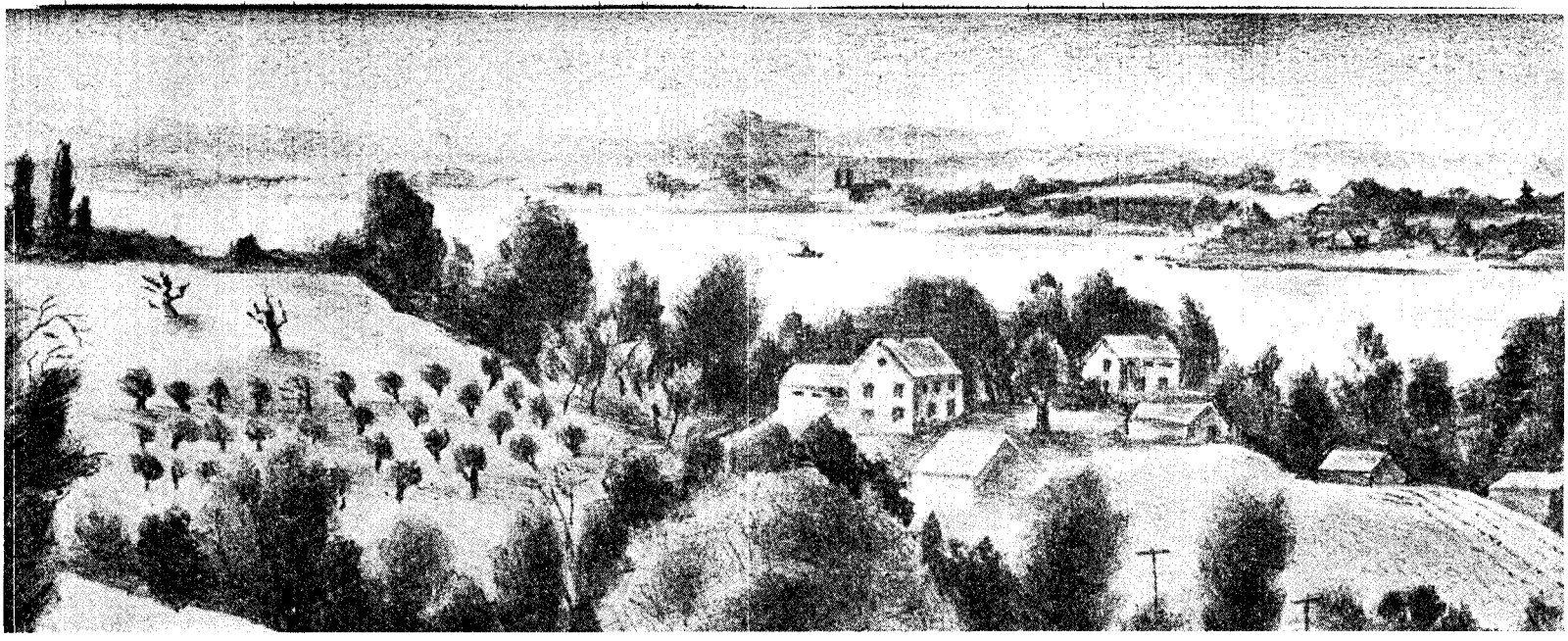

Lithograph by Arnold Blanch, from "A Treasury of American Prints" (Simon & Schuster)

Two American Rivers

I. THE ARKANSAS

THE ARKANSAS (Rivers of America). By Clyde Brion Davis. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1940. 340 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CLARK B. FIRESTONE

IN this saga, the Arkansas, longest of all the feeders of the Father of Waters save the Big Muddy, flows through a good deal of history without contributing much to it. The history is recorded by a writer with successful novels to his credit, and this is an asset for the book. Mr. Davis paints a scene swiftly, makes his characters come alive, keeps the narrative moving. His manner is vivid, breezy, tinged with irreverence, in places legitimately jocular, frequently charged with the Western humor of calm understatement.

You think at first the book is a sort of grab-bag, for everything goes into it which the "rambunctious river"—or its biographer—has seen or heard, provided that it bears somehow on lands which the Arkansas drains. Sometimes the scene shifts to Europe, where John Law is inflating his Mississippi Bubble at the court of France. Again the author devotes a group of pages to Ozark folklore, as for instance, "If you would grow good strong pepper, you should lose your temper while planting it"—a quite plausible example of sympathetic magic. Almost at the end of his tale Mr. Davis sits down on the tongue of a wagon for a fifteen-page chat with an Arkansas Negro who lived "at the edge of a cypress swamp where a mockingbird glee club was wrapping up the morning in gossamer song."

Yet the book has structure as well as color, and it has a strange, preposterous, and romantic story to tell. One learns that the Arkansas River "bumbles sullenly" through the Royal Gorge, and the gorge "is a job." One meets de Soto, "pendulous-lipped, bearded and sullen-eyed" (page a certain national news weekly), and hears a conversation about gold between him and a crafty Indian, which ought to have happened even if it did not. One learns much of Tabor, mine prospector, Croesus, and briefly United States Senator, who built himself a mahogany privy and had his henchmen scatter gold dust on the rump of the black stallions which drew him and former President Grant in a carriage through Leadville's streets.

The story of the great gold strikes at Leadville, Cripple Creek, and on the flanks of Pike's Peak, is in the book, and also the story of Colorado's labor wars, the Cattle Trail up from Texas, the Dodge City bad men, the Kansas Dust Bowl, the migration of the Five Civilized Tribes to Indian Territory, the Mound Builders and Cave Dwellers who lived in northwestern Arkansas, the Kansas county-seat wars, the Oklahoma land rush, the Ozarks and Coin Harvey and Opie Read, Arkansas's pre-war chivalry and post-war carpet baggers, lynchers, and sharecroppers—and plenty of other matters, most of which concern the last two generations of American history.

For just a sample, take the closing lines of the sentence of death pro-

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II. THE MOHAWK

THE BLOODY MOHAWK. By T. Wood Clarke. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 372 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IT is a short stream, the Mohawk; its deep, narrow valley stretches only a hundred miles from Schenectady to Rome. But it has cut a long line through American history. That hundred miles goes far toward linking the Hudson and the Great Lakes. From the moment the English occupied Albany in 1664 they made every effort to convert the Mohawk into the great channel of the fur-trade, just as the French made every effort to divert that traffic down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. And from the moment that Briton and Frenchman clashed in North America, the Mohawk was one of the great elements in the strategy of the conquest. It supplied the British post Oswego on Lake Ontario, and that post threatened all the French communications with the West. Its valley was inhabited by the Romans of the New World, the conquering Iroquois, and the fact that these warriors were the steadfast friends of England and enemies of France had much to do with making North America an English-speaking land. From 1609 to the end of the Revolution the Mohawk was witness to a succession of momentous events, and knew little peace.

The stream offers a good subject for a stirring essay in geographical history. Mr. Clarke, out of a long and intimate familiarity with the land,

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has written it so that all may read. Its figures are real to him—the adventurous Champlain, the impetuous Frontenac, the lovable Peter Schuyler, the shrewd Jeffery Amherst, and all the rest: Walter Butler, James Clinton, Nicholas Herkimer, John Burgoyne, Joseph Brant, and Sir William Johnson, Bart. So are the great scenes —the explorations, the Jesuit missions, the fur-trading, the pitched battles, the midnight raids, the savage massacres. Here three nations contended for mastery and a four endured some of its birth pains. Mr. Clarke is impartial in treating their struggles. He is notably just to the Tories under Butler, and like other recent writers, makes it clear that they fought fairly and that the worst "atrocities" imputed to them were inventions. Everywhere the book reveals an expert hand, and a real skill in handling diverse threads, social, military, economic, and political.

It is plain that the author does have two great favorites. One is the Iroquois people, the doughty Five Nations. They possessed noble qualities, and deserved a better fate than overtook them when their British allies were defeated in the Revolution. It is interesting to speculate on what their organizing capacity might have achieved had white men not invaded their domain so early. They had shown themselves capable of building up a great barbaric empire. Mr. Clarke's other favorite is the man whom the Iroquois themselves liked best, the great-hearted Sir William Johnson. Gifted with a captivating manner and dominating personality, alert in war and statesmanlike in peace, he made himself master of the valley. After Montcalm's death he gave it fifteen years of prosperity and quiet. It was a happy fact that the great pioneer died just before the Revolutionary struggle which would so have pained him. He had faults of sensuality, temper, and pride, and left a son who was so deservedly hated; but he looms up as the most striking of the Mohawk's many arresting figures. Mr. Clarke does well to make him the largest figure in a remarkably well-painted panorama.

"Let the Buyer Beware"

The story of how a little band of seventy men and women keep New York City's consumers protected from short-weight merchants, misleading advertisers, and frauds of many kinds, at a yearly cost of less than half a cent per capita is being written by the New York City WPA Writers' Project for early publication. Working title for the book is "Let the Buyer Beware."

What Kind of

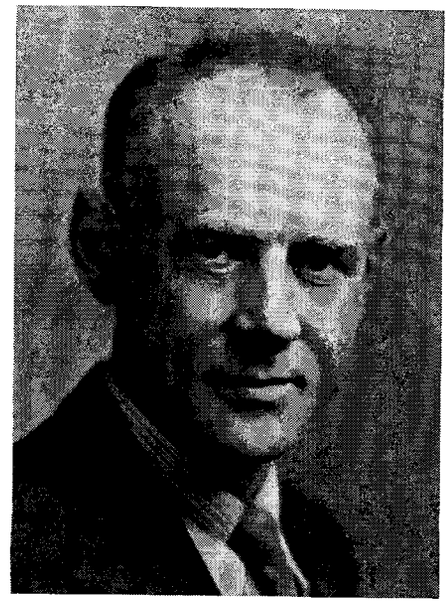
THE QUEST FOR PEACE. By William E. Rappard. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1940. 516 *pp.* $4.

A FEDERATION FOR WESTERN EUROPE. By W. I. Jennings. Cambridge: The University Press. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 208 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CLARENCE K. STREIT

IN these reeling days it is a comfort to know that the presses of democracy are still turning out books on peace. The thoughtless smile pityingly. The disillusioned political romantics and the poor in spirit tell us it is no use reading such books now. And, of course, books on peace were never more timely. With every disaster our need to invent the means of securing peace grows more urgent. If necessity is the mother of political invention, too,—and surely it is,—we need not despair. But we do need to turn more often from our newspapers to our books.

We can turn with great profit today to "The Quest for Peace," by William E. Rappard, and "A Federation for Western Europe," by W. I. Jennings. Both men have much to say, and both are in a position to say it with authority. There are surely few if any Swiss more widely known to Americans than Dr. Rappard, Director of the Graduate Institute of International Studies at Geneva, an outstanding member of the League of Nations Mandates Commission, and for many years a Swiss delegate to League Assemblies. Today's book contains the latest of the lectures he has delivered at Harvard. Dr. Jennings, reader in English law in the University of London, has specialized in constitutional law.



Clarence Streit thinks it improbable that a Federal Union can be established without American help.

It is noteworthy that they give a common basic answer to the problem of peace. That answer is that there can be no peace where there is no effective, inter-state government, and that our best hope for such government lies in Federal Union. Dr. Rappard supports that answer with a volume of detailed proof of how the only other system of inter-state government, the state-to-state system of diplomacy and the League, failed at Geneva. Dr. Jennings begins where he leaves off and submits a detailed plan and constitution for a European Federal Union.

For the scholar Dr. Rappard provides three big chapters, tracing through the past twenty years the history of three major ideas on which the League stood. One is a compact history of arbitration in that period. The next records the fluctuating destinies of collective security, and the curtain falls on "The Tragedy of Disarmament." Dr. Rappard speaks usually as an eye-witness and he crams these chapters with a wealth of salient citations from documents and speeches. Only those who have labored through the piles of paper that the League has produced, and that Dr. Rappard has reduced to their grain, can appreciate how valuable these chapters are,—and what labor they entailed.

For the general reader as well as the scholar Dr. Rappard has three other chapters. Two tell of the quest for peace during the last World War and at the Peace Conference. The final one sums up the book and glances at the future. The former make most interesting reading now, especially the chapter dealing with peace as a war aim in 1914-18. It gives us a basis for comparing this war with that one, as regards the rise and progress of the idea of organizing peace. The comparison is an encouraging one, says Dr. Rappard:

> When we consider that the quest for organized peace during the World War was really led by only one statesman of the first rank; when we consider further that this one leader, although supported by the inarticulate masses everywhere and by the ardent convictions of a relatively small group of devoted followers in various countries, met with indiffer-

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Peace for Europe?

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE. By Alfred Bingham. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 336 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FREDA UTLEY

CLARENCE STREIT'S famous "Union Now" practically ignored the real obstacles to peace. Not only did he fail to perceive the importance of the colonial question, but his whole approach was legalistic and almost naive in its advocacy of a Union of the Western democracies as the basis for an international order. Alfred Bingham's latest book is, in contrast, a realistic, comprehensive, and profound study of the forces working for and against peace, for and against that European unity which alone can end the devastating wars of this century. If he has not been able to surmount every hurdle blocking the road to peace he has at least had a look at every one of them in his "United States of Europe." His reasoned optimism is not that of the many who, ignoring the fundamental causes of modern wars and the motive forces of our age, are attracted to easy panaceas which demand neither thought nor sacrifice. Examining fearlessly the causes of social unrest and war he nevertheless comes to the conclusion that by means of understanding, compromise, and a realistic approach, a half-totalitarian and half-free capitalist Europe could be united.

The value and the power of Alfred Bingham's writings consist, it seems to us, in his being a realistic idealist. He is prepared to see what is good in what he dislikes and what is bad in what he conceives as good; he is one of those rare thinkers who neither ignore the strength of the forces of evil and destruction nor the weaknesses and contraditions of democracies.

Like the poet Thomas Hardy he believes "that if better there be it exacts a full look at the worst." As he states in his preface his sympathies are with Jefferson's view that "all men are created equal," but he approaches the problems of European and world integration in the spirit of Hamiltonian realism recognizing that men are "ambitious, vindictive, and rapacious." Well aware of the appalling difficulties created by opposing material interests and irrational passions he refuses to be overwhelmed by them.

Clarence Streit was content to propose a federal union only of the democracies—which in effect means only the Allies in the present war and the British Dominions, Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia, and the United States; a union of the plutocracies, as the Nazis and Fascists call them, and their satellites. Such a Union of the Haves against the countries which seek a redivision of the world would offer no more hope for the future peace and prosperity of mankind than the Versailles Treaty. Bingham, however, perceives that if federation is to become a reality before Europe destroys itself, it cannot wait for the establishment of a democratic form of government within each constituent state. Although he does not specifically say so, his book also shows an awareness of the fact that democratic government under our present social system depends largely upon the comparative economic security enjoyed by the bulk of the inhabitants of those states which possess an undue share of the world's resources and territory.

Bingham's outline of a new European and world structure presents "no ideal of perfection, but attempts to project existing trends a little way into the immediate future." His conception of a European federation of dictatorships and quasi-democracies supplemented by certain international economic controls is, as he says, still a long way from a world federation of free peoples. But he thinks more will be achieved by concentration upon the minimum requirements of international order than if we set our hearts upon an unattainable perfection the pursuit of which leads to frus-

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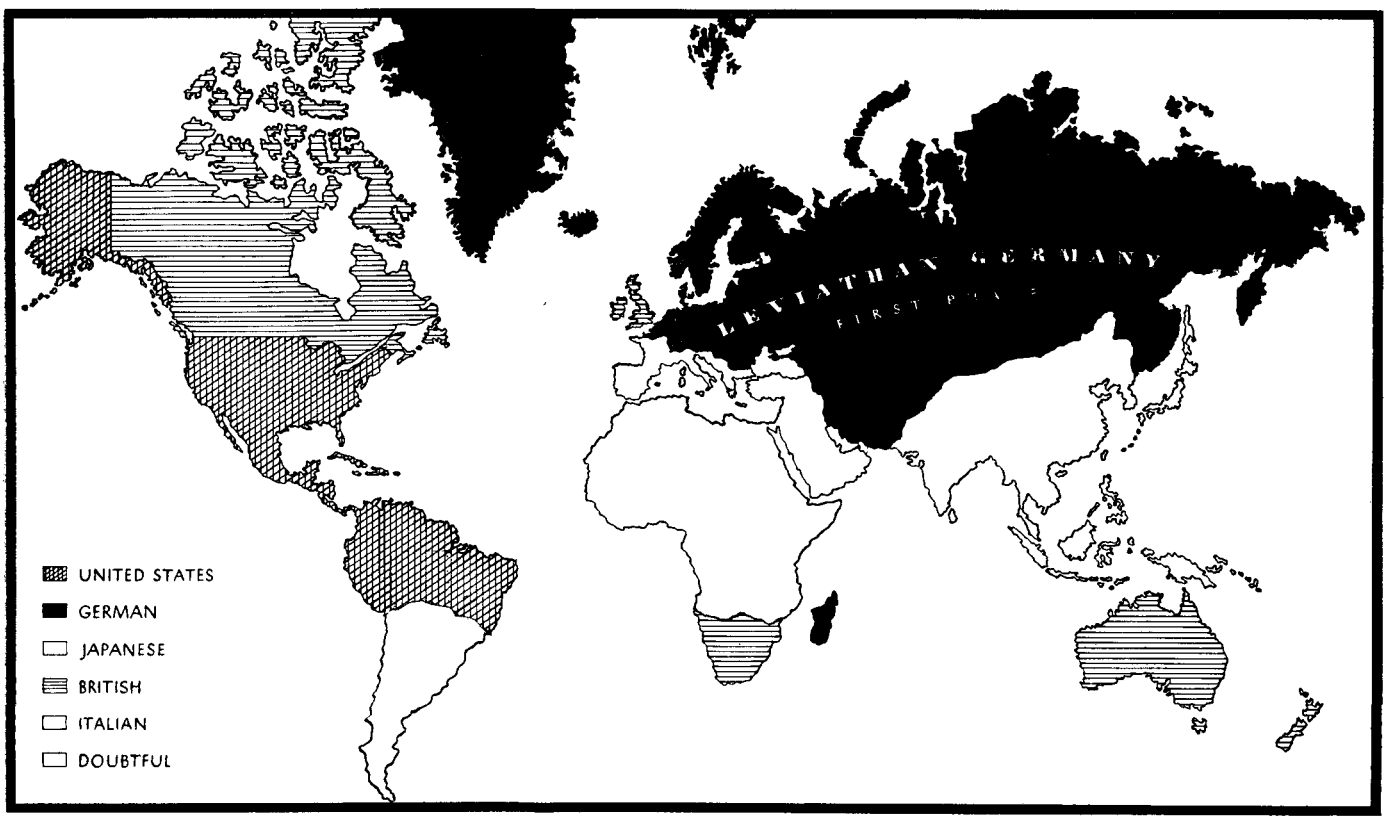

The German Empire as Hitler envisions it, according to Herman Rauschning in "The Revolution of Nihilism."

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Brief Adventure

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By Eulalie Osgood Grover. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1940. 265 *pp.* $2.

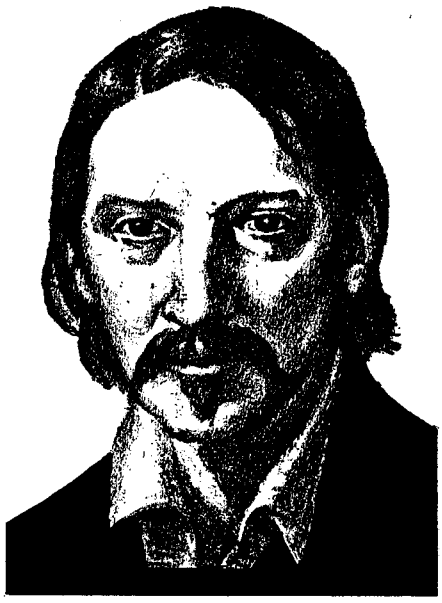
Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THERE have been many, too many perhaps, books about R.L.S. The best are G. K. Chesterton's, Lloyd Osbourne's, J. A. Steuart's, and, published too recently to be included in Miss Grover's bibliography, Stephen Gwynn's excellent study contributed to the English Men of Letters. Miss Grover's book is not unwelcome, however, because in its simple, enthusiastic way it takes a new attitude to Stevenson. She writes about R.L.S. with young readers in mind, and writes about him as if he were a character in one of his own stories.

This is not a life, still less a critical essay, and even less a psychological study: it is frankly a story of adventure. And what an adventure that brief life of R.L.S.'s was! Its very shortness—he would be ninety years old this year had he lived—has the touch of appealing romance. Added to the romance is the oddness of this frail, elfin, sentimental, obstinately artistic child coming to a family of sturdy Scotch engineers: there is his early careless manhood in Edinburgh, discreetly handled by Miss Grover, his discipleship to Henley and the invalid's gospel of the Strong Man, his desperate ill-health, his sudden and fortunate love affair with the fine American he married, their wanderings over the world, the last years in remote Samoa, and the lonely grave on the top of the mountain.

Occasionally Miss Grover makes a mistake through her unfamiliarity with Stevenson's Victorian background. There is, for instance, no reason to suppose that either his father or mother objected to Fanny van de Grift Osbourne because she was "an American woman, a stranger to them all"; but their tradition and religious convictions were wounded by the fact that Mrs. Osbourne was waiting for a divorce when Louis was courting her. Miss Grover is indeed too apt to stress Mrs. Stevenson's American origin. Henley's quarrel with her was not because she was American, but because she was a good wife determined, so far as she could, to look after her husband's health, and save him as long as possible for literature and herself.

When Stevenson died in 1894, the last great romantic except for his friend "Q" was lost to English fiction: he will always be read and loved by



Robert Louis Stevenson's life had the touch of appealing romance. And what an adventure that brief life was!

the young and the warm-hearted, and Miss Grover's book is a good one for children who are beginning to make acquaintance with one of the liveliest and most likable of English story-tellers, an essayist and poet whose gay courage we might do worse than try to emulate.

R. Ellis Roberts was formerly editor and literary critic of "The New Statesman," "Time and Tide," "Life and Letters," in London.

Poet and Public

RONSARD, PRINCE OF POETS. By Morris Bishop. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. 253 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GILBERT HIGHET

AFTER finishing Mr. Bishop's new biography of Ronsard, I spent an hour trying to infer, from its contents, what kind of public he imagined himself to be addressing.

Not a very imaginative public, that is certain, and one not at all squeamish. The second page assures them that Ronsard was duly born, by giving them a detailed description of the labor-pains of Ronsard's mother and the activities of Ronsard's mother's midwife ("Scissors snipped. . . . "), and on page 12 they are told how Ronsard, now a schoolboy, "eased his night's surplus in the warm hearth." Not a scholarly public, either: for there is no index or list of dates, and, although Ronsard himself owed a great deal to the poets of Greece and Rome (his first volume was largely imitation of Pindar), Mr. Bishop consciously minimizes that influence.

Possibly he himself does not know as much Greek and Latin as Ronsard did. I doubt if Ronsard would ever have made such a blunder as to speak of "Aphrodite, the terrible goddess of Erycina," and it would seem from Mr. Bishop's later remarks on the poem about Jaquet and Robine that he does not realize it is an adaptation from Catullus. Finally, his public is not even poetically-inclined. Although Ronsard was a professional poet and scholar, constantly revised his own works, and thought a great deal about the principles of literature, the emphasis of the book is not on his poetry but on his love-affairs and the external details of his life. For instance, three pages are spent on a minute account of a badly-organized pageant produced by one of his friends at court, while the technique of that remarkable achievement, the sonnet-sequence for Hélène, is dismissed in two disappointingly vague paragraphs. ("He brought something new into French poetry—the illumination of reality with beauty.") Mr. Bishop not only does not tell his public, but does not even seem to have asked himself, how it was that Ronsard, who could write like an angel at one time, could be so acutely and enormously wrong at another, or how it happened that he was virtually forgotten in his own country for 250 years after his death.

Instead of literary criticism, Mr. Bishop gives us many of his own translations of Ronsard's simpler poems. He is usually successful; but it is odd to notice that, although he scolds Ronsard for using baroque conceits, his own versions are often more elaborate than the originals. After all, it was Ronsard who first showed that the French alexandrine could be simple without being "low," and part of his excellence lies in his careful balancing of erudition and directness. He is therefore misrepresented when "sans avoir soin de rien je composais des vers" is rendered "careless, *oblivious,* I made my *childish chaunts,*" or when "afin de voir au soir les nymphes et les fées danser" is translated in this book as "to *glimpse the glimmering rigadoon* of *kirtled* nymphs and *fays.*"

Still, the translations are the best part of the book. I wish that the rest of it did not make me feel so regretfully that Morris Bishop, although dealing with a Prince of Poets, was deliberately writing down to the rabble.

Gilbert Highet, formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford, is now Professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia University.

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The Perfect Index

STEPHEN LEACOCK

READERS of books, I mean worthwhile readers, like those who read this journal, will understand how many difficulties centre round the making of an Index. Whether to have an Index at all? Whether to make it a great big one, or just a cute little Index on one Page? Whether to have only proper names, or let it take in ideas—and so on. In short the thing reaches dimensions that may raise it to the rank of being called the Index Problem, if nothing is done about it.

Of course one has to have an Index. Authors themselves would prefer not to have any. Having none would save trouble, and compel reviewers to read the whole book instead of just the Index. But the reader needs it. Otherwise he finds himself looking all through the book, forwards and then backwards, and then plunging in at random, in order to read out to a friend what it was that was so darned good about Talleyrand. He doesn't find it, because it was in another book.

So let us agree, there must be an Index. Now comes the first trouble. What is the real title or name of a thing or person that has three or four? Must you put everything three or four times over in the Index, under three or four names? No, just once, so it is commonly understood; and then for the other joint names, we put what is called a cross-reference, meaning, see this, or see that. It sounds good in theory, but in practice it leads to such results as—*Talleyrand, see Perigord* . . . and when you hunt this up, you find—*Perigord, Bishop of, see Talleyrand.* The same effect can be done flat out, with just two words, as *Lincoln, see Abraham* . . . *Abraham, see Lincoln.* But even that is not so bad because at least it's a closed circle. It comes to a full stop. But compare the effect, familiar to all research students, when the circle is not closed. Thus, instead of just seeing Abraham and seeing Lincoln, the unclosed circle runs like this, each item being hunted up alphabetically, one after the other—*Abraham, see Lincoln* . . . *Lincoln, see Civil War* . . . *Civil War, see United States* . . . *United States, see America* . . . *America, see American History* . . . *American History, see also Christopher Columbus, New England, Pocahontas, George Washington* . . . the thing will

Woodcut by H. A. Mueller from "Woodcuts and Wood Engravings."

finally come to rest somehow or other with the dial pointing at, *See Abraham Lincoln.*

But there is worse even than that. A certain kind of conscientious author enters only proper names, but he indexes them everytime they come into his book, no matter how they come in, and how unimportant is the context. Here is the result in the Index under the Letter N:

Napoleon—17, 26, 41, 73, 109, 110, 156, 213, 270, 380, 460. You begin to look them up. Here are the references:

Page 17—"wore his hair like Napoleon."

Page 26—"in the days of Napoleon."

Page 41—"as fat as Napoleon."

Page 73—"not so fat as Napoleon."

Page 109—"was a regular Napoleon at Ping-pong."

Page 110—"was not a Napoleon at Ping-pong."

Page 156—"Napoleon's hat."

Pages, 213, 270, 380, 460, not investigated.

So to get away from this difficulty, of an insignificant reference, you decide to make an Index in which each item shall carry with it an explanation, a sort of little epitome of what is to be found in the book. The reader consulting the volume can open the Index, look at a reference, and decide whether or not he needs to turn the subject up in the full discussion in the book. A really good Index will in most cases itself give the information wanted. There you have, so to speak, the Perfect Index.

Why I know about this is because I am engaged at present in making just such an Index in connection with a book on gardening, which I am writing this summer. To illustrate what is meant, I may be permitted to quote the opening of the book, and its conversation into Index Material:

> As Abraham Lincoln used to say, when you want to do gardening, you've got to take your coat off, a sentiment shared by his fellow enthusiast, the exiled Napoleon, who, after conquering all Europe, retaining only the sovereignty of the spade in his garden plot at St. Helena, longed only for more fertilizer.

As arranged for the Index, the gist, or essential part of this sentence, the nucleus, so to speak, appears thus—

Abraham Lincoln: habit of saying things, p.1; wants to do gardening, p.1; takes his coat off, p.1; his enthusiasm, p.1; compared with Napoleon, p.1.

Coat: taken off by Abraham Lincoln, p.1.

Gardening: Lincoln's views on, p.1; need of taking coat off, for, p.1; Napoleon's enthusiasm over, p.1; see also under spade, sovereignty, St. Helena.

Napoleon: his exile, p.1; conquers Europe, p.1; enthusiastic over gardening, p.1; compared with Lincoln; retains sovereignty of spade, p.1; plots at St. Helena, p.1; longs for fertilizer, p.1; see also Europe, St. Helena, fertilizer, seed catalogue, etc., etc. . . .

That's as far as I've got with the sentence. I still have to write up *sovereignty, spade, sentiment, share, St. Helena,* and everything after S. There's no doubt it's the right method, but it takes time somehow to get the essential nucleus of the gist, and express it. I see why it is easier to do the other thing. But then sin is always easier than righteousness. See also under Hell, road to, and Paved.

Stephen Leacock, the Canadian historian, essayist, and humorist, is the author of "The British Empire," "Nonsense Novels," "Essays & Literary Studies," "Charles Dickens," "Humor: Its Theory and Technique."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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TO POLYBIUS FOR PERSPECTIVE

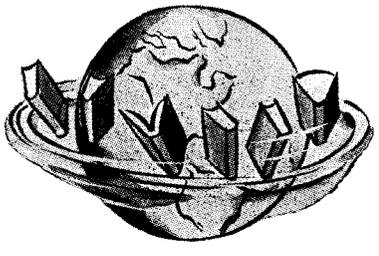
IT was suggested in these pages last fall that for an understanding of this war and a preview of some of its probable consequences you could find no author so instructive as Thucydides. But in those days we were all prefiguring this war in terms of the last one, a protracted struggle with varying fortune. It may yet become that kind of war; but if it goes on being the kind of war it has been since April 9th, the man who can tell us about it is not Thucydides but Polybius.

"Who is so worthless or so indifferent," Polybius asked his readers, "as not to want to know how and under what system of government it happened that in less than fifty-three years almost everything in the inhabited world was subjected to the sole rule of the Romans?" Before the Hannibalic War, he wrote, Mediterranean history had been "sporadic"; chains of events had been disconnected in locality, origin, and consequences; "but from that time on, history has been all one piece." So is modern history, however we may regret it; the Wright brothers settled that. And it begins to be conceivable that the Polybian inquiry may have to be repeated on a far larger scale; indeed, Dr. Goebbels may already have assigned somebody to the job, with the correct answer written down in the back of the book before the investigation even begins.

Meanwhile, in that dwindling portion of the earth's surface where it is not yet compulsory to give full faith and credit to Dr. Goebbels's historical romances, it may be noted that Polybius himself wove his answer into the question (though he had made his investigation first): "How and under what system of government" did this happen? With his conclusion that the Roman system of government, the republican constitution of checks and balances (already badly out of balance in Polybius's day) was the principal factor in Rome's success, few modern historians agree. More stress is now put on the character of the men who operated that system of government, the moderation and good political judgment of the old Roman temperament. It proved able to stand everything but prosperity; till success and easy money corrupted it; that temper produced a domestic harmony that only grew closer with increasing danger; and it also produced a system of alliances with defeated states that turned third-century Italy into a Roman Commonwealth of Nations with dozens of self-governing dominions. That organization had the strength and the flexibility that was needed to hold out against Hannibal; and once Hannibal was out of the way, veterans toughened by the long struggle against him had little trouble in puncturing the inflated reputations of the Macedonian and Syrian armies.

IT was open to Hitler to construct just such a system after Munich—a system that would have enabled him to dominate Europe without firing a shot. Every small country in Europe, that autumn, was ready to fall in line behind German foreign policy—if it could have been assured of genuine internal independence. All that was needed was a willingness on Hitler's part to let other people live, and live with a reasonable amount of self-respect; but on March 15, 1939, he proclaimed to the world that he had other plans.

Nobody outside of the Nazi inner circle knows how Europe will be reorganized if Germany wins the war. Perhaps there is a hint in the distinction drawn in "Mein Kampf" between citizens and "persons belonging to the state"—*Staatsbürger* and *Staatsangehörige*. Hitler was then discussing the issue from the racial standpoint and it appeared that the non-German *Staatsangehöriger* could never become a citizen; but now that Hitler's empire includes so many aliens, perhaps they will be classified in ascending scale according to their degree of Aryanism, or degree of submissiveness. The Danes, both Aryan and docile, might head the list; Norwegians, irreproachably Nordic but inclined to resist somewhat, might some day be admitted to the "Danish



right," as the Romans admitted barbarians who had become civilized to the "Latin right" as preliminary to full citizenship. But the Dutch might have to wait a long time for any such promotion; their attachment to liberty is too deeply ingrained. The Czechs could never hope for it; and the Poles appear to have no choice except between being shot soon, and slow starvation . . .

But this again is to be misled by the Roman precedent. The Roman Empire gradually extended citizenship till eventually a Balkan mountaineer could become Caesar, and as good a Caesar as anybody. Conservatives thought that process sometimes went on too fast, but there was no religious dogma that forbade it; Rome was not a "folkish" state. Hitler's remarks on the early Aryans, however, suggest that he thinks that was the reason why Rome fell. Also the Romans were tolerant when they judged tolerance was safe; Scipio Aemilianus and the other Roman friends of Polybius were doubtless pretty sure before he began writing that his conclusions would be flattering to Rome; but his book is full of criticism of individual Romans and of Roman national policy, and so far as we know, nobody ever objected. Dr. Goebbels does not encourage such historiography.

What a Europe enslaved by the Germans would be like is not very easy to imagine. Easy optimists will think they may be softened up, eventually, by success and prosperity, may even permit their subjects to civilize them as the Romans did. *Graecia capta ferum captorem cepit*—but the Romans had no ideology; when anybody stood up against them they beat him down, but once he was down they were willing to examine his ideas and his way of living, to see if there was anything in it that was worth borrowing. The new Romans are a tougher breed; what they do not know is not knowledge. If Hitler consolidates his victory we shall have that unitary integrated Europe that admirers of system have long desiderated, but it is not likely to please the American writers who have talked of the urgent need of Europe's economic unification; it will not resemble any Europe that was ever seen before, or ever dreamed of. New techniques both of propaganda and of repression will make rebellion much less probable than in the past, and much less likely to succeed; and political philosophy is likely to be restricted to study of the technique of palace revolutions. If there is a model among past empires, present evidence suggests that it is not the Roman Empire but the Assyrian.

E. D.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Literary Perishability

SIR:—A passage in my review of the Beard and Buell books on foreign policy, in your issue of May 18th, seems to have done an injustice to the Republican party. The review was written on May 8th; and it suggested, on the basis of the extreme isolationist position taken up to that time by most Republican presidential candidates, that the party convention might make not only keeping out of this war, but complete disinterest in foreign affairs, a party dogma. This was no more than had already been said, in substance, by various newspaper commentators whose remarks appeared in print on the day after they were written. Mine appeared in print after a lapse of eight days, by which time this particular passage seemed obsolete. It is a chastening reminder, not only to me but to my readers, that in times such as these this week's ideas are seldom much good next week.

ELMER DAVIS.

New York City.

Things You Never Knew Dep't

SIR:—I draw attention to the Chinese headline on page 13 of your issue of May 18, atop the review of "Chin P'ing Mei." To the best of my knowledge and information Chinese characters run vertically and not horizontally. I am much surprised at this error.

CHARLES MUNG.

San Francisco.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Many Chinese newspapers now publish their characters horizontally instead of vertically. We are somewhat surprised that Mr. Mung did not catch an error which should have been obvious to all persons familiar with the Chinese language. Our proofreader, who is somewhat deficient in Oriental languages, unfortunately allowed the characters to appear upside-down.*

Translation Dep't

SIR:—Will you please tell me the meaning of that Chinese headline you ran in your issue of May 18?

ARTHUR ANDERSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If you were to turn the page upside-down and show it to a Chinese friend, he will probably tell you it means "Chin P'ing Mei," which is the title of the book reviewed.*

A Hardy Thought

SIR:—No doubt many of your readers who live in or near New York have been to see the truly magnificent Centennial Exhibition of Thomas Hardy at the Grolier Club in East 60th Street. One item there exhibited leads me to wonder whether it is not time, in this centenary year, to correct an idea which has become rather general in the course of the twelve years since Hardy's death.

When the author of the Wessex Novels died, his heart was buried in Dorset soil in the churchyard at Stinsford, but his ashes were deposited next to those of Charles Dickens in Westminster Abbey. An unsigned contribution to the London *Times* proposed the following epitaph for use in the Abbey:

I and my heart, we lie apart;
Here lies the dust of me.
Fain had I lain where lies my heart
Under the greenwood tree.

It has been quite commonly believed that Hardy himself would "fain have lain where lies his heart," but any visitor to the current exhibition at the Grolier Club may see for himself the evidence for thinking that Hardy not only would have approved of and consented to burial in the Abbey, but also that he actually foresaw and prepared for that event. Among the items on exhibition is Hardy's own workmanlike drawing for the memorial tablet erected to his memory in St. Juliot Church, Cornwall. After the death of his first wife, Hardy prepared a tablet to her memory and in 1913 had it erected in the Cornish church where she had once played the organ. At some subsequent date he designed a similar tablet to commemorate his own connection with this church (he went there in 1870 to supervise its "restoration"). It is this original design that now hangs on the wall at the Grolier Club. Visitors may see how Hardy left a blank for the date of his death: "He died 19—," but what is more significant is the fact that in the next line, which reads "& is buried at Stinsford, Dorset," Hardy dotted the words "Stinsford, Dorset" in very lightly, and spaced them so that they might easily be replaced by the words "Westminster Abbey."

And any visitor to St. Juliot's Church knows that on the tablet hung there after Hardy's death the event for which he had carefully provided has taken place; for the words "Westminster Abbey" *have* exactly replaced the two words tentatively dotted in on the design now exhibited at the Grolier Club. Perhaps Thomas Hardy, LL.D., Litt.D., O.M., had no objection after all to burial in Poets' Corner.

CARL J. WEBER.

Waterville, Maine.

Why, you don't look anything like your disgusting stories.

Our Error

SIR:—My complaint on the fall-down-and-go-boom status of proofreading of Double Crostics will probably not be the only one to reach you. I refer to No. 319, and more grievously to 320.

Summer vacations must be starting.

HAROLD F. SMITH.

Kalispell, Montana.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our apologies to Mr. Smith and other Double-Crosticers whose general and justified grievance seems to be that the D-C's are difficult enough to solve without having to cope with vestigial structures.*

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Authors on the Air

Compiled by ALVIN JOSEPHY

"My purpose (in writing 'How to Read a Book') was frankly educational; and I was primarily concerned with adult education, for it seems to me that adult education is more important than what goes on in the schools. The schools really fail unless they help adult education to succeed, and the schools are failing now. Their graduates are unprepared to learn afterwards because they cannot read. My secret intention or hope was to make parents and college graduates appreciate what is wrong with the schools, and hence to arouse them to fight the ravages of progressive education and to demand a reform of the school system—to demand a decent literacy and a basic discipline for themselves and their children. . . ."

—Mortimer J. Adler in interview by John T. Frederick over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

★ ★

"Books on how to improve ourselves are dear to the hearts of Americans. We just love feeling we're getting the inside dope on a new, improved, super-streamlined and guaranteed sure-fire short cut to success. Indeed, there are publishers who pay their income taxes almost entirely from the proceeds of books in this category. . . ."

—Ed Fitzgerald, over WOR-Mutual.

★ ★

"I always had a love of music, but I never had the slightest talent for it. I am completely stone deaf—of course, I mean tone deaf, or tone "deef," as we say in Maryland. Why, being tone deaf, I could enjoy music I have never been able to make out. I have talked with all sorts of men, including experts on dreams, phrenologists, spiritualists, and all kinds of learned men, and they have never been able to give me an explanation. All I can say is that when the fiddles begin to squeak I have a nice time. . . . The only instrument I could play with any facility is the piano, and I have the utmost dislike for piano music. To this day, I am still seriously interested in music, and if I had the time I would probably still be writing it. I gave up the writing of it simply because at one time I ran out of music paper, and I never could find a pen that made the proper thin and heavy lines. In fact, I never could write a music manuscript that I could read myself afterward."

—H. L. Mencken in interview with John T. Frederick on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Destruction Plus

THE GERMAN ARMY. By Herbert Rosinski. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 267 pp. $4.

Reviewed by R. ERNEST DUPUY

THE German Army considered as a military confraternity, with its commissioned personnel in the role of ordained brethren, its rank and file the laiety—and its role past and present, compose the theme of this book. The conflict between the German national military ideal and that of Nazism is one of intense bitterness. What this internal schism may mean to the future of a proud people is hinted at.

Between every line one may read a nostalgia not unfamiliar in this country. It is the same yearning for the old gods that in lighter vein produced in post-Civil War years such German-American soldier folk-songs as:—

Oh, the Deutscher companee is der best companee
That ever came over from old Germanee!

The men who sang that song, with a swagger behind the humor, were men, and sons of men, who came over here just to escape the ruthless discipline of the old Prussian Army; men who became good American soldiers.

Mr. Rosinski writes in a similar manner in this somewhat G. A. Henty-ized history of the German Army, with all the good things emphasized, the bad things frequently unmentioned or glossed over. He sees Frederick the Great and his Prussian Army as the real foundation for the Reichswehr, he explains the initial aristocratic beginnings of the officer corps.

On Ludendorff is thrown blame for the final result of the World War, with many aspersions upon the World War general staff system. Mr. Rosinski also deprecates the Ludendorff offensives of 1918, claiming that the German Army was defeated in 1917 by "inferiority in man-power and material." Here he may find many to disagree with him.

Seeckt's role in rebuilding after Versailles is rightly made much of, as is the strife between the rising tide of Nazism and the army leaders. The efforts of the Nazis to amalgamate the S. A. and the Reichswehr, and the tragic sequence that ended in doctrinal infiltration and final dominance are stressed.

Mr. Rosinski agrees with other observers on the military power of the German Army of today, that the Achilles heel is the lack of trained officer personnel for the huge war machine. Also "the classic heritage of German strategic thought is today for all practical purposes dead." And he wonders, *re* Blitzkrieg, if "the sober professional opinion of the majority of the commanders and of the general staff will prevail against the fantastic vagaries of Nazi amateur strategy."

The author, a refugee since 1936, is a civilian with a military background. Evidently written prior to the offensive against Poland, the book sometimes fails to grasp the essence of professional military thought, but is nevertheless well worth reading. To this reviewer, the most important thing about it is how much of similar opinion prevails in Germany today. The lack of an index detracts somewhat from its value.

Song

By Lloyd Frankenberg

SHALL we fly to an island? a neck of the woods?
Shall we go somewhere far away?
under sail to the sea? under prairie hood
to the past in a schooner with all our goods?
on a streamline train to the future day?
Or shall we stay?

Is there safety in numbers? or one by one
shall we fall to the floor of the sea
in a jar of air and electric suns
to return the stare of Leviathan
and the shimmering bones that long before we
reached that shore?

Shall we make our way to the ends of the night?
take off to the farthest star
in a parlor car with the speed of light?
Shall we meet our fate in a solo flight?
another rocket to another Mars?
or where we are?

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Recognition and the Writer

PEARL S. BUCK*

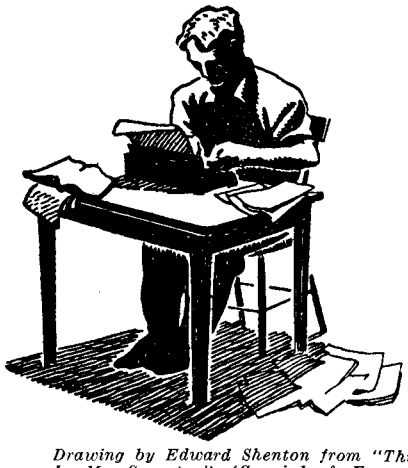
I SUPPOSE it ought be said that birth has something to do with talent. It is perhaps as much an accident that one is born with the ability to create music, as that another is born with the sort of face which, if it does not in these days launch a thousand ships or burn the topless towers of Ilion, does something even more spectacular in Hollywood. And yet I cannot quite agree to this. Nothing much, actually, needs to be done to a pretty face except to wash it occasionally, although of course other things are done to it, whereas the child born with the dubious gift of a talent is in for a hard time. For a talent is like dynamite. If it is not used it is worse than useless, for it has negative retaliations. If it is used wrongly it destroys everything in its radius and certainly the person who possesses it. Even if it is used rightly it entails a good deal of hazard. Certain rules have to be obeyed and a discipline is necessary. Not all people with talent are also born with the ability to develop this talent. To use a talent takes self-control; it takes determination to say no to pastimes amusing and tempting and in themselves harmless, and it takes too much solitude and lonely thinking for most people's taste.

And how uncertain are the rewards! There is always the hazard of the age, that hazard which makes it possible that what we can do best is not what at the moment interests people. Vogue is a great force in our democratic life and every talent that struggles against it is diminished merely by the struggle, as a man walking against a gale loses ground merely from its opposition, or gains it if happily he may go with it. There is the hazard of a talent too special in its appeal for more than a few persons, or in its expression too early for its age, so that it is years ahead of common human thinking and appreciation.

To overcome these hazards, therefore, to fit what one can give to those who must accept what is given, to speak so that one can be understood in one's time is an achievement and one worthy of recognition.

The worth of any award is of course in the fact that it is recognition, and recognition is very necessary to the writer. It is not egotism that this is so, nor even self-distrust, though I think on the whole writers are a self-distrustful lot and wilt under lack of recognition more readily than most people, even in the arts, because writing is a peculiarly personal art and he who writes puts himself into his work more obviously than does the musician or the painter. After all, words are our common medium and what is put into words can scarcely avoid some sort of understanding or misunderstanding, whereas quite intelligent people may argue about what a movement in music means and no one will really know unless the creator of that music chooses to tell them. But did he put that mood, that experience, that philosophy into words it exposes him plainly to view and thus exposed he must endure what people see in him or do not see, and both may be bitter. But he goes on doing it, like a fool perhaps, because that is the way he functions and when he stops functioning in this peculiar way, he ceases to exist or at least to enjoy existence.

AND yet he would not perhaps persist were it not for the recognition that he finds not only in awards and prizes, valuable as they are in their encouragement, but in many other ways and places. There is the recognition that comes when something written has peculiarly amused, enlightened, or comforted an individual, known or unknown. I suppose every writer treasures a few letters which bestow upon him such recognition. It can be a very heartening thing. There is the recognition which comes from having pleased, profoundly or not, a large number of people. Popularity ought not to be despised. Some of our greatest writers have been in their day extremely popular and their popularity has continued though they themselves are dead long since. Thus Jane Austen was and will always be a popular writer and yet she is an artist as eternal. We ought to view with interest and welcome the new, the abstract, the experimental, even the precious, in the literary forms of our day, and yet we must remember that those who employed them in the past had not the same permanence as have those who achieved a popular recognition. Yet they have, perhaps, their recognition in the excitement and acclaim that surrounds them in their lifetime. The recognition of critics, and popular recognition, may be two very different things and some may have one and some another, and once in a long while one has both, and yet one is not more valuable than another, and neither can be sought or secured.



Drawing by Edward Shenton from "This Is My Country" (Carrick & Evans)

For the value of any recognition is of course in its spontaneity, and indeed recognition cannot be bought or compelled, I think, in this particular field of writing. The only danger is that it may come too soon and force the writer beyond his own point of ability or development. There is little danger in our country that talent in writing at least will remain unrecognized. There is more danger that a young writer will be suddenly hoisted to heights of an advertisement which is not real recognition of his talent and achievement so much as something which pushes him into the position of being a commercial product. The public, always eager to see a new thing, will rush to see him and for a brief space he must lay hold on any wisdom he can muster. For this is not the recognition even of true popularity and he must understand this if he is to pursue his own way undisturbed. So, too, must he be undisturbed when the public rushes away from him to surge about some other newcomer. It is well for him when this tide recedes and leaves him, not stranded, but in a clear and quiet place which is his own and where he can proceed to his real work. And as he begins to do his real work he will find true recognition coming to him in one way or another, and what he has to say will

*The accompanying article was originally written as an address and delivered before the Society for Libraries of New York University.

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find, with amazing accuracy, the ears for which it is meant.

Recognition, then, is everywhere in a country like ours. The writer need be dissatisfied only if he demands more than his share or more than his talent deserves, or demands it from persons who do not understand what he has to give. But here of all countries in the world he has no right to complain of no recognition. We are too eager to recognize and to acclaim. The writer's problem is not so much how to win recognition as to steer his own course in spite of recognition, favorable or unfavorable.

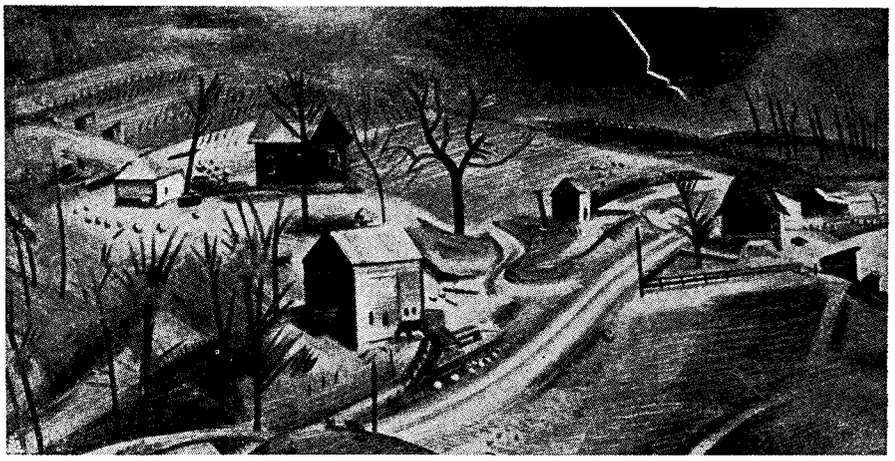
For unfavorable recognition is still recognition and brings its reward. It forces the writer to examine himself and see whether his work is in accord with himself. If it is, then he is doing his best, and he may proceed without dismay because he is right and everybody else is wrong. That conviction of his own of rightness is essential to a writer for good work, for if he can be flattered by praiseful recognition or downcast by the lack of it, then he will not do his best work. And yet being the most thin-skinned of creatures, he will be either flattered or downcast unless he takes peculiar precautions in regard to recognition. I have never believed in the much-talked-of ivory tower for persons whose chief occupation is writing about people, and yet I do believe that inside every writer there must be a small secure ivory tower, not big enough for him to live in as a human being, but just the right size for an artist. There let the artist in him live apart from the human being, ruthless, determined, unmoved, never going out to seek recognition, but accepting it when it comes, not as a due, not even as a reward, but as something whereby to measure his own present achievement, and to stimulate him for the future.

Pearl S. Buck is the author of "The Good Earth," "The Young Revolutionary," and "East Wind, West Wind."

Blitzkrieg on Reading

—From the *Christian Science Monitor.*

Elizabeth Reynolds, a teacher from Sapulpa [Oklahoma], reports that, according to a current events quiz, some of her pupils think a blackout is a horse; Hyde Park a newspaperman; Mussolini ruler of Europe; Chamberlain a university; Stalin a radio star! A. F. of L. our Secretary of War; Gestapo the President's home, and Frances Perkins a hair dresser. According to these young people, Britzkrieg was a former Czechoslovak King, ruler of Russia, spokesman for Mussolini, and a German fortification.



The First Storm, by Erle Loran, from "American Painting Today" (Am. Federation of Artists)

Bleak Emotional Bondage

GLORY SPENT. By Jean Woodman. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1940. 347 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by VARDIS FISHER

LIFE in a small Mormon Utah town, the decay of Church dogma among the young generation, the inflexible ideology of the grandparents, the complacency of a "chosen people" in "Zion," and the inferior position of women in the Mormon scheme of salvation—these are the materials and motivations of Mrs. Woodman's novel. She knows her subject well. She was born in Utah, lived in many of its towns, and took her first degree from its insulated Brigham Young University in Provo. She has lived with her eyes open and has seen much in Mormonism that she has not liked.

There is much that it is difficult for any sensitive and thoughtful person to like, and the bleak, emotional bondage of it, its unbelievable smugness, and its periphery bounded by the Mormon temples, may some day be the subject of a great book. Mrs. Woodman, I feel, has ridden her thesis a bit too hard. In her desire to lay some of Joseph Smith's male-glorifying dogmas under the axe, she has rather stacked the cards in favor of the Grethes and Marians in rebellion, and against the pathetic old Hans Sorensons whose faith has never wavered since their conversion in Denmark. It is not clear to me, for instance, what purpose is served in making the father a bungling dreamer who wastes his earnings and himself on wildcat speculations. No doubt there are such Mormons in small Utah and Idaho towns, but the hard-headed, thrifty, money-grubbing realists are a more common and relevant type. Such a protagonist could have brought his wife to grief, as well as to renewed courage, in ways familiar to every student of Mormonism.

I feel, too, that the literal David, a returned missionary and as smug as they come, might have fared a little better if it had not been necessary to put the heroine in such despair with him as to force her to pack and flee from Zion. The author heaps upon David's broad shoulders a little more obtuseness and smugness than was necessary to impel a stage-struck girl to break off her engagement and head for New York. The reader is likely to feel that her escape was less from the theologically inferior position of women in Mormonism than from a drab little town that offered no avenue to her talent. Such spirited girls also run away from small towns in Iowa or New York.

In the telling of a story, Mrs. Woodman, like all of us, has much to learn. I hope she outgrows her habit of long retrospective digressions that leave important characters standing on a page, distressingly obedient and patient, until their turn to speak and move again twenty or thirty pages later; that she turns more to dramatic scene and less to discursive exposition; that she learns to write more convincing dialogue, using the actual vernacular of her characters; and that she gives us more of those penetrating observations which now and then make a page memorable.

But after all, this is a first novel and we have no right to expect too much. Perhaps it is enough to find in Mrs. Woodman a sensitive and intelligent person who gives promise of becoming eventually her own best critic.

Vardis Fisher is the author of "Children of God," a historical novel on the Mormons.

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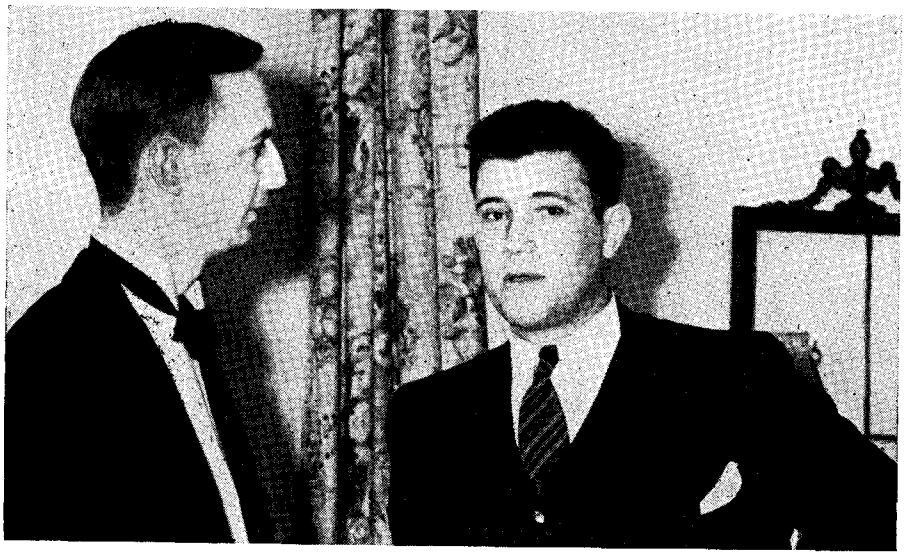
SRL Camera at the ABA Banquet



Laurence Lee, of the *Virginia Quarterly*, and Jesse Stuart, young Kentucky novelist, author of "Trees of Heaven," led a strong delegation from the South.

From the South, too, came Mrs. H. Carter (left) of the Sears, Roebuck Lending Library, Atlanta, Georgia, bringing news from back home to Atlanta-born George Stevens, former editor of *The Saturday Review*, and now manager of the New York office of J. B. Lippincott and Co. At the right are two other members of the Lippincott organization, Milton Marshall and Mrs. Harold F. Gartley.

Richard Storrs Childs, publisher of the Modern Age Books, is photographed with Miss May Garelick, who handles publicity for the same organization.

Once a year the book business switches from cerebration to celebration. These flash shots of booksellers, publishers, and authors were taken by Robert Disraeli, *Saturday Review* photographer, at the 40th annual American Bookseller's Association banquet, held at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York, on May 15th, attended by some five hundred diners.

Several hours before the dinner, the nation's booksellers elected Karl Placht, of the Beacon Book Shop, in New York, as the President of their association.

A feature of the dinner was the regular news broadcast by Raymond Gram Swing direct from the banquet hall.

Karl Placht, newly-elected President of the American Bookseller's Association.

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Judas of the Union

"MR. SECRETARY." By Ben Ames Williams, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 507 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

FICTIONIZED biography is fairly common—fictionized autobiography comparatively rare. "Mr. Secretary" traces the life and career of Edwin M. Stanton. It is told in the first person, as if Stanton himself were telling it. It is an effective method, from the point of view of readability, and it enables Mr. Williams to present an indictment as well as a portrait. But the reader who reads for the history would do well to take his salt-shaker along.

There was little that was likable in Edwin Stanton—in spite of the fact that two women loved him devotedly. Arrogant, able, driving, neurotic, with a certain strain of idealism in him and another strain of unscrupulousness, he made himself one of the first if not the first of American lawyers of his time. Seldom a well man, beset by asthma, jealous, dictatorial, and haunted by the idea of death, he was nevertheless a dynamo of energy and an able executive.

Ben Ames Williams, however, goes farther. It is his thesis—which is carefully worked out—that Stanton's first concern from the time he became Secretary of War was the crushing and punishing of the South rather than its mere defeat in battle. If the South were to be adequately punished, the North could not win too soon or too easily. Therefore—according to Mr. Williams—Stanton, as Secretary of War, did his best to drag out the war as long as possible, withdrew troops from McClellan when he feared McClellan's Peninsular Campaign might succeed, got McClellan replaced by Burnside because he thought Burnside would delay the war until the South was worn out, and, finally, though he had private knowledge of the conspiracy against Lincoln, allowed Lincoln to be assassinated for what he conceived to be the good of the Union, because he felt Lincoln would be too mild and generous toward the beaten Confederacy.

It is an interesting theory, though I don't think Mr. Williams proves it. That Stanton was intimate with the Radical Republican group and that that group had reached a stage of pure fanaticism by the end of the war, are matters of history. It is also a matter of history that there were men such as Senator Ben Wade who thought and said that Lincoln had "too much of the milk of human kindness" in him

Royal Atelier

Can Ben Ames Williams prove it?

to carry on the sort of Reconstruction policy they wished. But from there to the long-range, consistently Machiavellian plotting with which Mr. Williams credits Stanton is a very long step indeed. There were very curious circumstances connected with Lincoln's assassination—Mr. Eisenschiml in his "Why Was Lincoln Murdered?" has gone into them in fascinating detail. But what Mr. Eisenschiml presents as supposition or possibility, Mr. Williams accepts, for the purposes of his novel as proven fact. Perhaps when the Lincoln papers deposited in the Library of Congress are available for historical study, we shall have fresh light on many aspects of the War years.

Meanwhile Mr. Williams has given us in "Mr. Secretary" an interesting novelty, in his portrait of Stanton as the honest Judas of the Union. The description of Stanton's early years is lifelike and plausible. When Stanton enters the Cabinet, Mr. Williams's theory enters with him and the portrait, telling as fiction, cannot be taken as history without more evidence than Mr. Williams is able to adduce.

Stephen Vincent Benét is the author of "John Brown's Body," a volume of verse which won the Pulitzer Prize in Poetry for 1928, "The Devil and Daniel Webster," and "Burning City."

Daughter of a Lord

LIFE AS CAROLA. By Joan Grant. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 396 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

THE title of this somewhat historical novel means just what it says. Its author pointedly remarks in a prefatory note that she has not "availed herself of the twentieth century facilities for historical research," but "has preferred to seek no documentary confirmation and to leave this story bound by the limitations of Carola's own experience." Moreover, the dedication reads "From the I that was Carola." Joan Grant was Carola in the cinquecento, just as she was Sekeeta, the Egyptian girl, in her earlier book "Winged Pharaoh." She takes her transmigratory memories altogether seriously, and the reader who refuses to accept her faith in them will be either bored or irritated by the dream-meditations, particularly prevalent in the latter stages of Carola's career, in which she considers and adjusts life's moral values in the light of her peculiarly extensive personal relations with history. Such ethical didacticism has its place in the treatises of an experienced philosopher; based on the evidence of former incarnations and thrust into a novel of adventure, it becomes merely tedious verbiage.

This is a pity, because when the author of "Life as Carola" is not bent on esoteric flights, she tells a remarkably good tale.

Carola, in this phase of her existence, is the bastard daughter of a great lord and a sewing-woman. From the cloistered gloom of the castle into which she is born, she and her mother are ejected by the noble grandmother's not unnatural enmity. They wander from city to city and at last find their vocations as strolling players. The mother is killed in a street brawl and Carola plunges alone into the turbulence of Renaissance Italy. Her real life, as apart from her dream life, is rich and active. With Bernard the strong-man, Lucia the harlot, and Petruchio the jester, she experiences all the ups and downs of picaresque wanderings. These are vividly presented. The narrative is crisp and fresh, the characters solid and human. And so they remain until the obsession with visions gains control. But when Carola plumbs the mysteries of witchcraft, when she wrestles in a convent with orthodoxies and heresies, and, particularly, when she finds a precarious peace in marriage to an elderly scholar, the shrouds of mystical nicety are impenetrable.

Charles David Abbott is affiliated with the Lockwood Memorial Library at the University of Buffalo.

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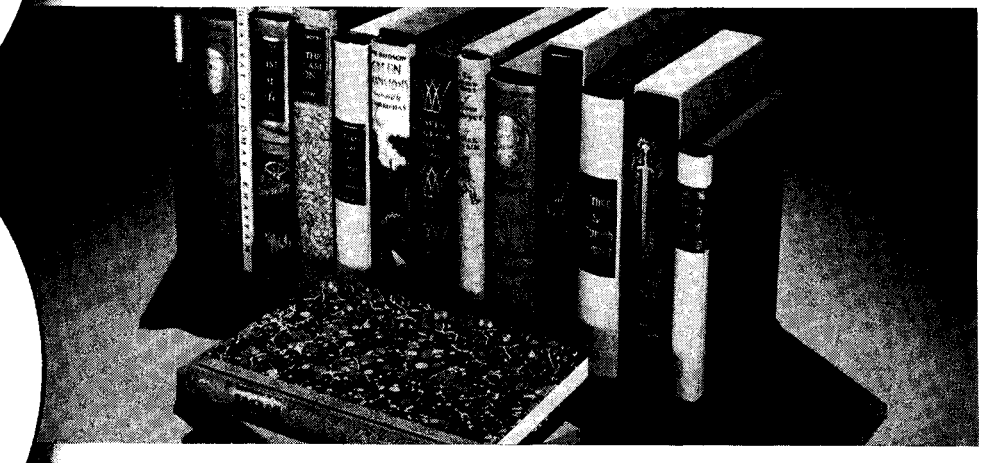

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Trail-Blazing Legislation

THE NATIONAL LABOR POLICY AND HOW IT WORKS. By Joseph Rosenfarb. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 732 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by LOUIS STARK

MR. ROSENFARB, an attorney on the staff of the National Labor Relations Board, has written an eloquent and persuasive account of how the board works in the light of its Congressional authority. As a thread through nearly every chapter there runs an analysis of the various amendments that have been proposed to the Labor Act. These proposals are rejected in toto. The attack on them follows the lines already taken by the board in its presentations to committees of Congress. If anyone is still skeptical about the need for a strong labor act perusal of some of the reprehensible practices found in various cases, proofs of coercion, of discrimination and vigilantism, as set forth here, are likely to convince the most doubting Thomas.

Of especial interest is the heart of the Labor Act, its encouragement to collective bargaining. The chapter on collective bargaining is a clear statement of the board's experiences in dealing with charges made against employers for refusing to bargain with their employees. The author sees the bargaining process as "industrial democracy in action," signalizing a "recognition that the employees by collective action have an actual right to a voice in the determination of the conditions of their economic subsistence."

In his concluding chapter Mr. Rosenfarb further adumbrates the theme of "industrial democracy" by urging the need for organized labor to participate more actively in politics. He sees the trade union movement as the bulwark against dictatorships whether of the right or the left. But, he insists, labor's aims must be acceptable to the middle class for without an alliance between these two groups the ground may be prepared for fascism. Here his final note is one of pessimism for he correctly points out that labor's schism is assuming the proportions of a major tragedy.

Indeed, scattered through the book are many references to the breach between the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations. It is obvious that a major share of the board's difficulties arise from the internecine warfare in labor's ranks. Obviously also labor is paying a price for disunity and will continue to do so.

Excellent in his exposition of the board's policies, Mr. Rosenfarb naturally finds it difficult to discuss some serious factors which tend to shed light on the board's failure in other directions.

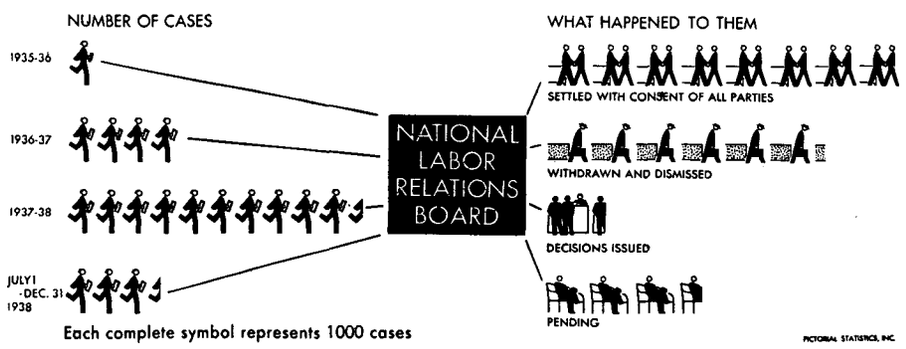
There is indeed an anomaly between the board's success in the courts and its shortcomings in administration and the field of labor relations. For reasons best known to itself the board has failed to enlist a sufficiently large staff of labor relations experts in its cause. The emphasis has been on the legal side of its activities. Some of the board's legal luminaries have been almost contemptuous of the need for anchorage in economics and labor relations.

Much of the bad odor in which the board finds itself is due to some of those who built the staff in its formative stages and who imbedded in the warp and woof of the board's policy poor administrative practices. To them may be ascribed the stubborn refusal to reform the situation on the inside in order to cope with the avalanche of press and public criticism, much of it undeserved. They, too, are responsible for the over-centralization activities in Washington and the concentration of duties in the executive secretary's office, the board's main bottleneck. Even when a committee of regional directors of impeccable integrity proposed some common sense reforms long overdue the report was virtually shelved.

One does not have to accept one hundred per cent all the disclosures of the Smith Committee investigating the board to disagree with Mr. Rosenfarb when he refers the committee's work as "peccadillo disclosures." Friends of the Act as ardent as the author and who oppose its amending as strongly as he threw up their hands at some of these revelations. It is to be regretted that there are those within the board whose maladministration has helped bring it to its present low estate.

For these reasons Mr. Rosenfarb's work, excellent as it is within the bounds necessarily self imposed, cannot be regarded as an entirely objective presentation. However, it does illuminate the trail blazed by the Labor Act.

DISPOSITION OF ALL CASES



The Musical Sun

MUSIC FOR THE MULTITUDE. By Sidney Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 383 *pp.* $2.50

Reviewed by DAVID HALL

The latest addition to the flood of new books on music is an almost perfect answer to a very real need. For years books on music intended for lay consumption have sought popular appeal by sugar coating their subject matter with all manner of romantic fairytales; manifold legends concerning the composition of such works as Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique." Now we have a young Englishman, Mr. Sydney Harrison, who has taken upon himself the task of remedying this situation, and a right fine job he has done of it too.

"Music for the Multitude" seems to cover every possible subject under the musical sun, all in a little less than four hundred pages. Most previous authors have divided their works into sections, one devoted to musical forms, another to the great composers, still another to orchestration. Mr. Harrison has departed from this time-honored custom by treating all these matters in parallel fashion, thereby building a smooth running narrative, and binding the whole together with a detailed description of the socio-economic substructure underlying the development of these various aspects of music. The end-result of such an approach is to give certain aspects of music an entirely new meaning for us. Form and notation are no longer dry-as-dust stuff crammed down the throats of harassed music students. The whole subject becomes alive and interesting even to the rank novice. Mr. Harrison's book is to my mind by all odds the most readable and most truly alive work of its kind that has yet come off the press.

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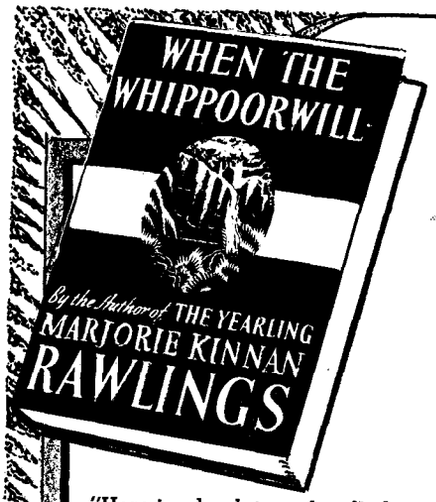

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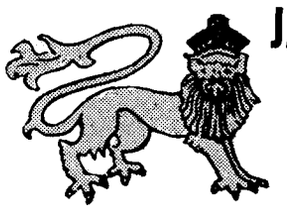

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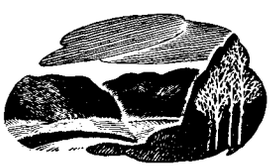

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WHAT KIND OF PEACE FOR EUROPE?

(*Continued from page* 6)

ence and skepticism on the part of all his major colleagues; when we consider, finally, that this one leading statesman was alone disavowed by his own people and denied the ratification, by the constitutional authorities of his country, of the treaties in which was enshrined the Covenant of the League of Nations—when we consider all these circumstances, which could hardly have been less favorable, what will surprise us will certainly not be the present failure of this quest, but the fact that it showed so much promise and came so near to succeeding in the years following the World War.

There is much more in the book of this fair-minded and informed Swiss to remind us Americans that we, too, have our share in the basic responsibility for the present catastrophe, and to suggest that our great mistake was not to enter the struggle to organize peace but to abandon it so soon thereafter.

Meanwhile, we have Dr. Jennings with his "blueprint" for a European Federal Union. The American Federal Unionist is bound to quarrel with many things in it, but even he is bound to welcome it as a very useful work, rich in ingenious ideas and stimulating to thought and action as only detailed, concrete, constructive proposals can be.

Dr. Jennings believes that Federal Union is possible only among democracies, but he quickly assumes the American people, though the inventors of Federal Union, are too isolationist to join in organizing the democracies on this basis. He seems none too sure of the overseas British Dominions participating and provides for the maintenance of London's relations with them whether as members or non-members of his Federation. This leaves him only the democracies of Western and Northern Europe. To these he adds Germany, on the assumption of "a preliminary German defeat" and the establishment of a democratic government there. He thus gets a Union of 205,000,000 Europeans, and provides for the gradual extension of it to the Czechs, Poles, Italians, Spaniards, and other Europeans numbering 84,000,000 (exclusive of Russia), and to the rest of the world.

This is perhaps the weakest part of the book. It seems unnecessary these days to stress the improbability of that preliminary German defeat occurring without the help of the United States,—the improbability, indeed, of any Federal Union being established without American leadership and participation. But the chief value of Dr. Jenning's contribution to the problem of organizing inter-democracy Federal Union lies in his constitutional proposals, and most of them are not seriously affected by the question of just which democracies shall found the Union.

The draft constitution submitted by Dr. Jennings provides for a Federation considerably looser than any existing one. He is especially helpful in dealing with the complex problems which the British Empire and Commonwealth present to the makers of any Federal Union of democracies. His solutions, regardless of this merit, do serve to call attention constructively to questions that must be faced by all—questions which non-British Federal Unionists are likely to overlook.

Dr. Jennings will probably convince few Americans against placing all non-self-governing territory *under* the Union's exclusive control. But he has at least worked out a compromise solution in the form of a "Colonial Commission" which will interest many. So too, will another of his suggestions, a provision whereby state legislation and administrative acts may be "disallowed" by the President of the Federation.

Dr. Jennings omits a Bill of Rights from his constitution. He explains it is too hard to draft and suggests a preamble could handle it well enough. The omission is more serious because his constitution also lacks a preamble. In other ways Dr. Jennings will leave an American wondering whether he grasps adequately the basic philosophy of Federal Union—that it forms primarily a government of, by, and for individual men equally. Dr. Jennings is too concerned with states and their rights.

This book tempts discussion on every page. That is the great value of his draft constitution, of all draft constitutions. Out of such discussions, as was proved in Philadelphia in 1787, can come agreement on a great constitution differing from all the preliminary drafts and far superior to each of them.

Clarence Streit is the author of "Union Now," which has been widely discussed as a book and given rise to organized groups dedicated to the furtherance of its doctrine.

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DODD, MEAD

"THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE"

(*Continued from page* 7)

tration and cynicism. Opposing interests, national and individual, must be considered and a basis for compromise worked out if we are to get anywhere. Hence in his schemes for European federation, and for the solution of the economic problems which alone can make such a federation workable, Bingham looks neither to free trade and a return to nineteenth century competitive capitalism, nor to the socialist millenium. He considers that the only way we are at all likely to accomplish anything is to go along with those economic tendencies which are working toward world integration. Such are cartels and international agreements based upon compromise between competing individual and national interests. He thinks that "strategic controls," involving a minimum of institutional changes, can be devised to obtain some of the results aimed at by socialists but which are unobtainable through revolution or a frontal assault upon property rights evoking maximum resistance and creating maximum disorder. The results aimed at are prosperity without depression, the elimination of poverty, gradual equalization of wealth and economic democracy. The controls which could be established by an extension of existing mechanisms are mainly monetary and fiscal.

The development of economic nationalism and belligerent political nationalism, although it is bringing civilization to the brink of disaster, has also stimulated the invention of institutional devices which, if intelligently applied, could be made into the basis of a world economic order. This is true of state control of foreign trade, managed currency, and a number of other devices of our age. If these could

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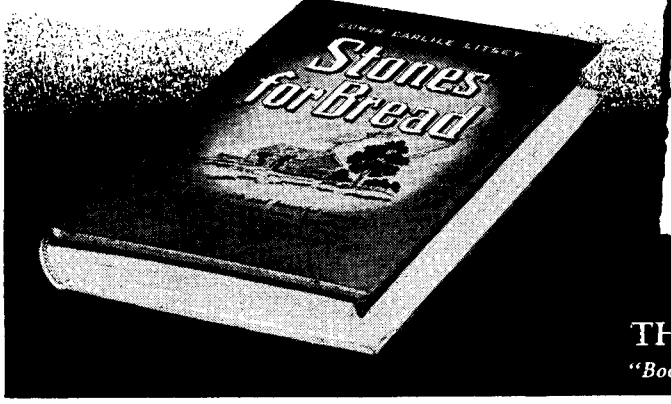
"A realistic, poetic tale of two brothers..to teach us that all men are human, and all are brothers."

—FRED T. MARSH, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

Stones for Bread

By EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY



IF you have let the year slip by without reading this novel—the beautifully wrought story of two men who live on the borderline of human companionship, and of the strange things that the promise of a woman's love will do to a man who has never been loved—this is what you have missed:

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—JOHN SELBY of the *Associated Press*, author of *Sam.*

"**Few books have matched** this for its communication of utter loneliness, its sensuous clarity, its grave and unforced pity, the unpremeditated purity of its telling." —*Time.*

"**No conventional novel, this.** There is something elemental and honest in it that warms the heart. It has a terrible power that will permit no forgetting." —*Los Angeles Times.*

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—*Dallas News.*

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be made international instead of national they would become beneficent instead of malevolent. Similarly, if monopolies could be made socially responsible instead of irresponsible as they are at present we could institute more rational and equitable use of the world's productive forces.

Squarely facing the need for international controls dealing with the questions of raw materials, finance, and investment, Bingham realizes that the most serious opposition to an international order is likely to come from those whose income depends on colonies and colonial investments. Unlike most writers on the subject of peace and European federation he perceives that it is not by trade alone that the value of colonies is measured.

Bingham's basic thesis is that in spite of the many vested interests which would be hurt and which therefore oppose a European Federation and international economic controls, if every attempt is made to give them consideration and to compromise rather than to seek unrealisable ideals, a solution can be arrived at. It follows from his whole argument that he considers a negotiated peace without victory to either side in the present war as most likely to lead to a just peace, eventual European unity, and a rational world order.

It would be easy to dismiss this book as over-optimistic, but to do so would in effect be to say that mankind is incapable of solving the social and political problems of the machine age, and that we must let the juggernaut of war wipe out the human race. Unless we are absolute defeatists with regard to the future of civilization or still pursue the mirage of an international socialist world order established by a revolution of the working class, a solution has to be found along some such lines as those suggested by Alfred Bingham. His book is an original and important contribution to a solution of the problems of our age, and although it is unlikely to be as popular as those of authors who gloss over the real difficulties in the way of European federation, is infinitely more valuable.

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Obstinate Entity

THE BLAZE OF NOON. By Rayner Heppenstall. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1940. 303 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

MISS ELIZABETH BOWEN, in a foreword to "The Blaze of Noon," says that a "change in manner and purpose will come on us (*i.e.*, English writers)." "I believe," she adds, " 'The Blaze of Noon' to be an early sign of the change." The hero and narrator of this tale is Louis Duncan. Louis is a blind *masseur*—an erotic, didactic, and egotistical male; and clearly intended by nature to play the villain's role in one of those nice middle-class English murder stories. But no murder occurs in "The Blaze of Noon." Louis goes down in his professional capacity to a remote Cornish household, and changes, for the better, the lives of almost everyone there. In particular, he changes the life of his client's niece, Sophie Madron. He falls in love with Sophie; waits patiently until their emotional temperatures are low, and becomes her lover. This relationship is proceeding well when he becomes emotionally involved with a blind deaf-mute called Amity Nance. Sophie does not desert him, and the novel ends happily for everyone concerned.

Miss Bowen speaks with approval of the way in which this novel "knocks away devices" and "moves beyond the known terms of reference." In other words, Louis Duncan experiences life with four intensified senses, the fifth being absent; and since he is the narrator, everything in the book is felt not seen.

Certainly Mr. Heppenstall (presumably by shutting his eyes and discovering what it feels like) has done an admirable job of describing a blind man's emotions when he enters a strange room, meets a strange person, takes a walk in an unknown garden, or swims in the sea. But this is not a novel about blindness but a novel about Love—Love as propounded by Louis Duncan—Love without any visual descriptions to aid it. If we accept Miss Bowen's rather limiting definition of the novel, that its business is to communicate personal experience, it is not difficult to agree with her that personal experience must be "cleared of the twilight of vague romanticized feeling" and even "of the received idea." It all sounds fine. But the fact remains that the novel is an obstinate entity; it demands the creation of acceptable characters; and Louis Duncan comes very short of this simple ideal. He is, in fact, rather tiresome. He speaks of Love as if he were a gymnastic instructor, and Love an exercise that must be conducted without gaiety or humor. He is a bit of a prig, and more than a bit of a bore. Sophie, on the other hand, is so well conceived a character that there are grounds for hoping that Mr. Heppenstall's next novel will at any rate be far more agreeable than this.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

10 FAMOUS ALIASES (*Answers on page 24*)

Sometimes characters in fiction temporarily abandon their real names, for one reason or another, and assume an alias. Can you recall the real names as well as the aliases of the characters who are briefly described below? Allow 5 points for each real name and another 5 for each alias. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 24.

1. Because he used an alias instead of his real name, this dilatory traveler was enabled to escape from the cave in which he and his followers were held captive.
2. At one of the six residences which this famous detective maintained in London, he lived in the guise of a sea captain.
3. Once an expert safe-cracker, he reformed and opened a shoe store.
4. Disguised as a lawyer, she won the acquittal of her husband's best friend.
5. After the parents of this English lord died in an African jungle, he was rescued and brought up by a tribe of apes.
6. This modern buccaneer derived his nickname from the little line-drawing he always left at the scene of his crimes.
7. A French aristocrat, he is better known by the name he used when a member of Louis XIII's musketeers.
8. A gallant knight gave this blubber-cheeked, flat-nosed country wench a new name that was more harmonious and significant than her own.
9. Afraid that his lady love would not like him if she knew that he was the son of a rich baronet, this young officer courted her under an assumed name.
10. Masquerading as a poor man, this wealthy nobleman befriended an unfortunate clergyman and his family and married the youngest daughter.

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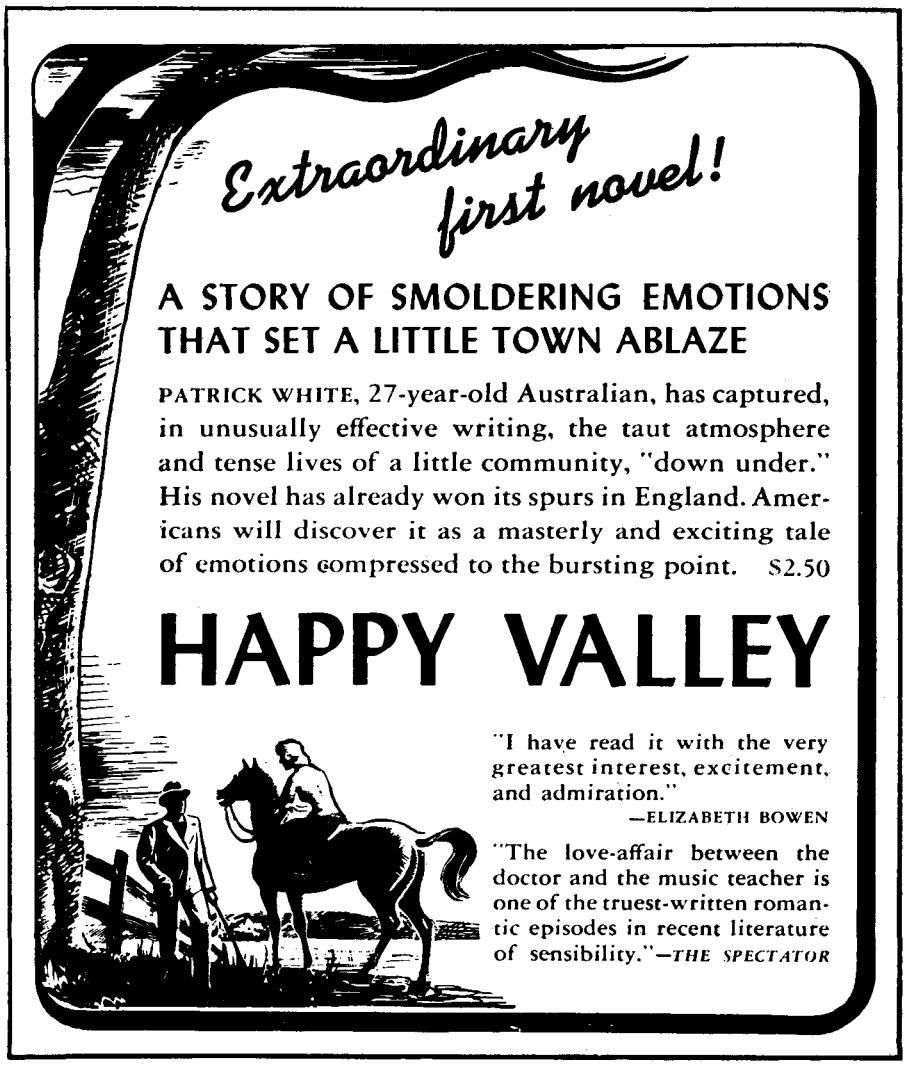
(*Continued from page 4*)

puts it. What has been wrong with the West has not been its materialism as such, but its mechanical nature, unrelieved by any frame of values reaching beyond it; and not materialism as such but the social organization of our material means. This is crucial, for if Mr. Frank is right we must pass through a collective conversion and on the basis of that reorganize our society; if I am right, our chief task is to go farther in the social organization of our technologies, and on the basis of that give direction to men's work and release to their emotions.

That is why I quarrel also with Mr. Frank as intellectual historian. A man has the right of course to attack the term "great tradition" to whatever strain in the history of ideas he pleases; but he must make his choice persuasive. For Mr. Frank the great tradition is the mystical-religious tradition of the West, and correspondingly the rationalistic tradition is antichrist and the eighteenth century the century of sin. But why this desperate turning against rationalism, like that of a man who breaks the windows because he finds the air stuffy in the room? Mr. Frank says the centuries of reason have wound up in pragmatism and materialism. But I answer that the centuries of religious exhortation have wound up in the Sunday-sermon pages of the Monday morning newspapers. The great tradition in Western thought is for me the humanist tradition, which includes both the rationalist strain and the religious-ethical, the empiricist and the myth-making. These two should not be separated: the greatness of each is the facet it turns to the other that makes the other possible. Together they add up to that dream of a spaciously ordered society in which men will be able to turn in on themselves because they have learned to control their environment, in which the individual can explore the mysteries of life because he has mastered the arts of collective survival, and in which the Joads will explore the soul that lies beyond bread because the bread has been achieved. As against this tradition there is the ante-humanist strain, which divides the world into those who are far more than men and those who are far less, the daemonic and the sub-human.

Let me make it clear that I go along to some degree with Mr. Frank, as I go along with his comrade-in-arms Lewis Mumford, in their irritation at the rationalistic complacencies of our liberals—and our conservatives too. We are not, as Thorstein Veblen never tired of pointing out, merely lightning calculators of pleasure and pain. There is far more under the crust of our culture than is dreamt of in our philosophies. We have premised a wholly rational man and have surrendered all the rest of him to our Hitlers and Goebbelses for exploiting. Yet there is a vast difference between recognizing the irrational and celebrating it. And my basic quarrel with Mr. Frank is that I don't believe we can achieve salvation by calling for it, or by a masochistic lashing of ourselves for our sins. Nor do I think we can achieve it by conversion. The ordinary man is no better and no worse than he is, and if he has strayed from the path it has not been for want of theologies and clergies and exhorters. In fact, if one wished to locate the intellectual tradition in which the tone and intensity of Mr. Frank's book could best be duplicated it would be the German. It needs some explaining that the very nation in which the idealistic currents of philosophy ran strongest was the one that has most completely succumbed to fascism. The methods of religious conversion in politics are methods used most effectively not by those whose values are Mr. Frank's but by the call-of-the-blood crowd. Anyone reading Rauschning's "Voice of Destruction" will see how effectively the Nazis have conscripted the apocalypse to their uses.

But I do not argue that because an idea may be turned against you it should not be used. We shall get nowhere by becoming the prisoners of our fears. Even though it is true that we may be destroyed by beliefs, it is also true that we shall not survive without beliefs. What I argue however is that beliefs in a humanist society must be organic parts and end-results of social reconstruction; they cannot precede it. We shall not recapture them by looking backward to a Great-Tradition, whatever its nature, but forward to a revolutionary democracy which can cope on its own ground with the revolutionary character of Nazism. Our young people today seem almost to have lost their capacity for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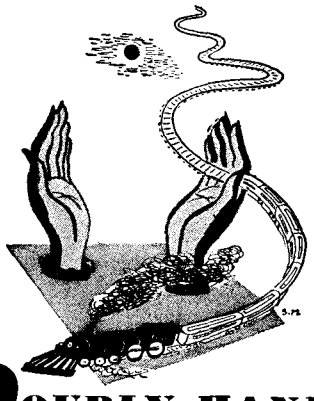
belief. How should we blame them, considering what a mess we have made of the world we are handing on to them? If they recapture their belief it will be not because we exhort them to faith but because we show them through effective action that our values are worthy of belief. That involves a program of action at home in America, to which I should wish that Mr. Frank had devoted a far larger portion of his book than the few pages toward the end. It involves also a sense of the real stakes we have in what is going on in Europe. I am far less inclined than Mr. Frank to believe that American intervention now is the way to preserve those stakes, nor do I believe there is any very real line such as he seems to draw between economic and moral intervention on the one hand and military intervention on the other. Total economic aid would involve putting the nation on a war footing with all that such action implies for trade-unions and civil liberties. I wish that there were in Mr. Frank's book more of the reasoning and outlook that his friend and co-worker Randolph Bourne once put into his great essays on the intellectuals and the (First World) war. Yet all these objections have to do with immediate policy. And Mr. Frank's book should be criticized on the level on which it was written—the evaluation of Western history and culture which alone can give meaning to immediate policies.



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Industries of the Sky

THE AVIATION BUSINESS. By Elsbeth E. Freudenthal. New York: Vanguard Press. 1940. 342 *pp.* $3.

By George Palmer Putnam

TODAY aviation is big business. A picturesque and dramatic business and one extraordinarily profitable to many of those who rode up with it, although in the earlier stages not notably creditable to some of them. A business, too, just now presenting basic problems in national and international well-being—and the taxpayer's pocketbook. For aviation, though an industry privately operated, has unique public implications.

That is the essence of the record set down by Elsbeth E. Freudenthal in "The Aviation Business." There have been books in plenty, and plays and articles galore about the romantic aspects of flying, the dramas of flyers, and the accomplishments of air transport; but up to now no one has written the story of aviation as a *business.*

This, then, is a pioneer volume and it is admirable pioneering, contriving through lucid literary craftsmanship to make what is necessarily an involved and statistically inclined story into a coherent and often entertaining narrative. While its canvass is far more restricted, in some respects Miss Freudenthal's book can be compared with Ida Tarbell's masterful "History of the Standard Oil Company."

This record of aviation, "From Kitty Hawk to Wall Street," is particularly timely just now when the fate of the trans-ocean world may well depend upon comparative superiority in the air, and when here in America our aviation manufacturing plants are booming phenomenally while peacetime air transport sets new records each month in safety and volume.

A brief opening chapter presents in compressed form the story of flying from da Vinci to the first World War. The record of our aviation accomplishments in 1917-18 is brutally recorded. The essence of that scandalous performance was that 196 planes (not very good ones) were produced for one billion dollars. Miss Freudenthal calls the roll of those responsible, giving details of the ineptitude and of the fabulous profits made by some of those who were running the business of aviation then and who, largely, still do.

Among the tidbits of frenzied finance is the story of the forty dollars that grew into five million, and of similar dizzy transactions. Such material is not muck-raked but coolly extracted from official records. Other industries, in pre-'29 boom days, were no better, though perhaps less picturesque.

The story is told chronologically of all the major business aspects of American aviation culminating today when stock issues have a paper value of five hundred and eighty million dollars. There is the story of the air mail, of the famous cancellation of contracts, the competition-killing activities of that not always benevolent dictator Postmaster General Brown; the picturesque tale of Pan American and its integration with our foreign policies; of the export business and what wars and rumors of wars have done for it.

Based on the record of the past—greed for subsidies, throttling of competition (often with governmental connivance), and the financial field-days enjoyed by insiders—Miss Freudenthal is reserved in her appraisal of aviation's future place in public esteem.

Of domestic air lines she says: "If the powerful momentum to clear the air that started with the cancellation of contracts in 1934, and led to the Civil Aeronautics Act of 1938, does not die down, there is a good chance that this large system of transportation may be of service to the nation without undue cost to the public."

In that connection she points out that today only about 36% of air lines' revenue comes from the Government (mails) as compared with over fifty per cent six years ago. And then she analyzes the unique relationship of the aviation business with war, peace, politics, national defense, domestic economy, and international morality—if any.

As a passing sidelight, at the very end she quotes this paragraph: "There is an ironic rumor, known for some time to the American industry, that neither Hitler nor Goering will fly in any ship which is not powered by an American engine."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY I. Q.

(*Questions on page* 22)

1. Ulysses foiled the cyclops by saying his name was No-man.

2. In *The Adventure of Black Peter,* Sherlock Holmes poses as Captain Basil.

3. Jimmy Valentine becomes Ralph D. Spencer in *A Retrieved Reformation,* by O. Henry.

4. Portia dressed as Balthasar in *The Merchant of Venice.*

5. John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, was better known as Tarzan.

6. Simon Templar, alias the Saint, in the stories by Leslie Charteris.

7. The Count de la Fere, otherwise known as Athos, in *The Three Musketeers,* by Dumas.

8. Aldonza Lorenzo was re-named Dulcinea del Toboso by Don Quixote.

9. Captain Jack Absolute wooed Lydia Languish under the name of Ensign Beverly, in *The Rivals,* by Sheridan.

10. Sir Wm. Thornhill was known as Mr. Burchell to the Vicar of Wakefield.

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Again the Iron Horse

THE CAVALCADE OF THE RAILS. By Frank P. Morse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1940. 370 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROGER BURLINGAME

SOME day the full story of the American railroad will be written; when it is, we shall have the great American saga. For rails form the skeleton beneath the flesh and muscle of the nation. Without them, we should have known neither growth nor unity. But, further, without the exact pattern which their development followed—with all its waste, ruthlessness, grandeur, and speed; its fictional finance and naive fraud, there would be a dozen nations where we have one today. Our continent would be like Europe, torn by conflict, restless under constantly altering frontiers.

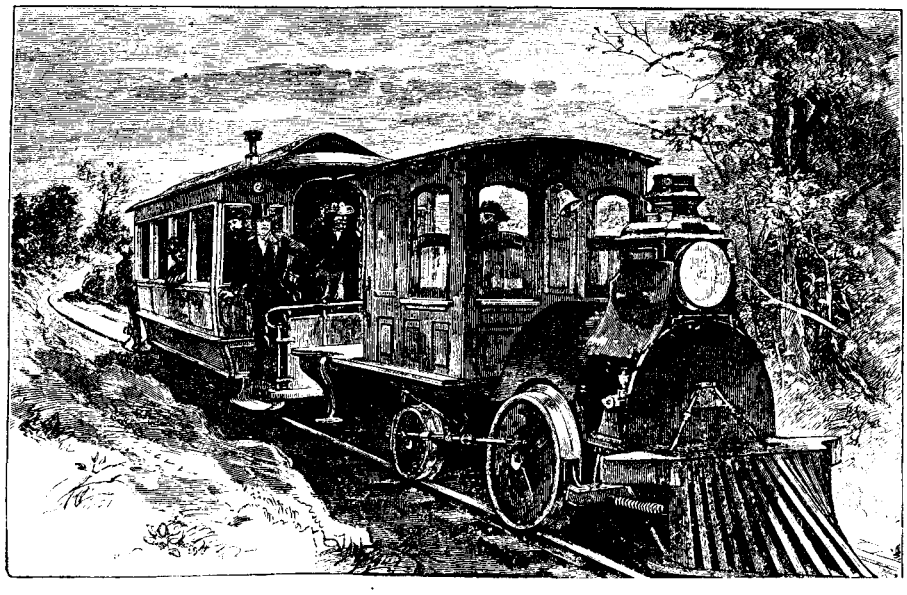
The whole progress of our national integrity since the war which determined the political fact of union in 1865, has followed the rails. Over them was fought the violent and often bloody struggle between rampant individualism and grim collective necessity. The locomotive, driving the Indian and the buffalo before it, pulled standardization, industrial revolution, and, finally, federal control behind it. It populated the midlands. It joined the frontiers of East and West. It made and broke American plutocracy. It created feudal empires and roused a democratic people to destroy them.

These are the materials of the railroad saga. They are romantic materials. The saga will be vast but it will have symmetry and rhythm. It will have continuity and breathless suspense. So far no artist or historian has approached its true dimensions. Yet as each new railroad book appears, hope is revived.

Mr. Morse has done a useful book. If there is a writer dreaming today of the great American story, he should put this book on his shelf. In it many facts are assembled. There are names, dates, details of charters and finance, records of priority, accounts of mergers, conflicts, unifications of control which are valuable and will settle many an argument. The record runs from the Stourbridge Lion and Horatio Allen to stream lines and the threat of government ownership. Occasionally, as in the chapters on the first transcontinental span and, especially that on train robberies, the reader is held by the narrative. The story of the colossal achievements of Hill, Villard, and Harriman is packed with information about the complex financial transactions which produced them and the mass effect of the chapters certainly gives a sense of these giants' stature. Yet here the author hardly touches what seems to many students of social history the very crux of the story—the great agrarian revolt against the despotism of the rail kings.

Unfortunately the book is hard to read. Perhaps this is because it is so detached from the deep underlying social and human motives which, in fact, tie the whole railroad story together. The result is a collection of close-packed chapters connected to each other neither by historic sequence nor by the backbone of national growth. The reader who is familiar with the story can follow him here readily enough, but those to whom it is new must have much the sensation of a man of the 'fifties riding a train for the first time. After a series of such alternate jolts and bursts of speed, one is inclined to put the book away for reference so that when the need arises he may turn to it in the search for some isolated fact.

Roger Burlingame is the author of "March of the Iron Men."



The Electric Railroad, from "Adventures of America, 1857-1900."

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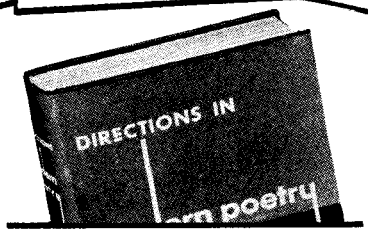

DIRECTIONS IN MODERN POETRY
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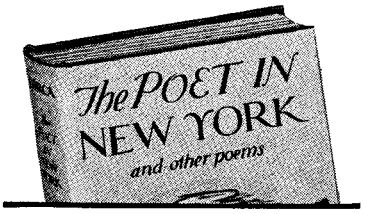

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Giants of the Law

THE BAR OF OTHER DAYS. By Joseph S. Auerbach. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 364 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES ABRAMS

THE term "Bar" originated in the partition that separated Court officials and barristers from the general public. Joseph S. Auerbach, a veteran lawyer, with reminiscences gathered from more than sixty years of active practice, has lowered the partition and invited the public to enter and mingle freely with American legal giants of the last generation.

The top-flight lawyers of their days were occupied mainly with extending the dominion of a small circle of clients who were striving to control the vast new enterprises then in the process of organization. The stakes were big; the legal business concerned mainly the control of the new network of railroads, utilities, and banks. It was an exciting period, a period when Joseph Choate could convince the United States Supreme Court that the income tax law would mark the "march of communism."

Mr. Auerbach, however, is little concerned with the economic attitudes of his subjects, or even with the temper of the times. The lawyers he writes about were all his friends. He knew most of them intimately. He is interested only in their virtues. He confesses that the book is a tribute; the tales he tells are in the nature of uncritical "appreciations." Punctuating the plaudits, however, are a large number of anecdotes and memorabilia that make the book worthwhile, at least as a record. There are interesting incidents, such as the battle for the controlling shares of the Long Island Railroad, Cadwalader's efforts to make the elder Belmont see the light in the little matter of an over-optimistic prospectus, the financing of Edison's incandescent electric light by Morgan & Company, Tilton's suit against Henry Ward Beecher for criminal conversation, the prosecution of Guiteau for murdering President Garfield, the suit against Russell Sage in the Norcross bombing, and many others.

Mr. Auerbach is not restrained by the judicial passion for relevancy. While dealing with the indictment of John Cavanaugh "for selling pads of paper" to bookies at race tracks, there are extended quotations from Henry James, James R. Lowell, Mark Twain, Shakespeare, George Eliot, Lord Byron, Tyndall, Horace, and other more or less classical sources. In fact, the index is what one would expect from a combination of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" and a Bar Association Memorial Tablet. Often a chapter consists of a single short anecdote hardly sufficient to excite the reader's curiosity. Sometimes the digressions appear so frequently that the main characters of the book are forgotten.

The chapters on Choate, Evarts, Goff, and DeLancey Nicoll are especially enlightening and show the capacity of some lawyers for both humor and literary talent. There might have been more of the wit and wisdom that must have flowed so abundantly from these learned practitioners. Instead, one is made to feel that they possessed no frailties, not even an idiosyncracy; they must have walked the paths of righteousness, guided by a beacon with no deceptive beams to turn them from their honorable course.

Yet these men played an important part in the history of our country. Much of what they said and did is not recorded. Some of it may be found in the dust laden archives of Bar Association libraries. Most of it has been forgotten. The day is perhaps gone when men would flock to hear an Erskine, Brougham, or Follett in England, or a Rufus Choate in America. Even juries today prefer cold fact to impassioned oratory. Legal styles have changed even since Bourke Cochran. With the expansion of the governmental authority, legal talent is becoming evident more in Washington and less in Wall Street. But historically considered, interest in the practitioner of the old era will grow. Since the author is one of the few men who could tell us something about them, the book merits attention.

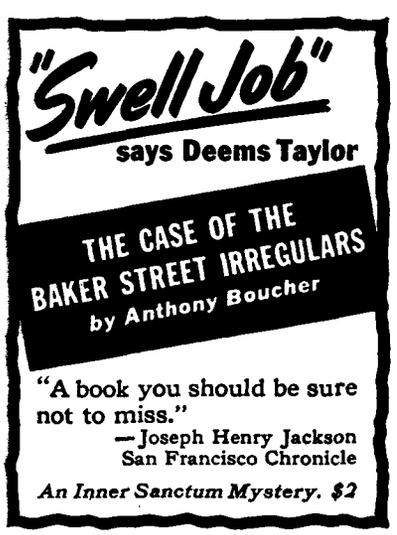
Charles Abrams, a member of the New York bar, is the author of "Revolution in Land."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 321)

DICKENS:

SHABBY GENTEEL PEOPLE

It is a deceitful liquid that black and blue reviver. It betrays its victim into a temporary assumption of importance. . . . The transient dignity of the unhappy man decreased in exact proportion as the "reviver" wore off.


"Swell Job"
says Deems Taylor
THE CASE OF THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS
by Anthony Boucher
"A book you should be sure not to miss."
—Joseph Henry Jackson
San Francisco Chronicle
An Inner Sanctum Mystery. $2

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MAN WHO COULD NOT SHUDDER *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Disembodied revolver leaps from rack and fogs week-end visitor at British "haunted house." Dr. Fell, arriving opportunely, solves murder h'rrumphantly.	Regular Chinese Box puzzle, getting intricater and intricater and more and more sinister as it proceeds to double reverse English finish.	Recommended
MR. SANDEMAN LOSES HIS LIFE *Eugene Healy* (Holt: $2.)	Lengthy nose for thrills gets Paul Craine in on ground floor of Brooklyn racketeer slaying solved by long-suffering sleuth Rochelau.	Interesting yarn of underworld villainy, and well constructed plot, but Craine's merry pranks may give persnickety readers neck-pains.	So-so
MURDER PLUS *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Ruthless killer strikes thrice in tragedy-ridden Conn. home ere Fleming Stone calls conference and confronts criminal with the goods.	Kidnapping, poison, bludgeoning, family hatred all play part in blithely murderous opus which takes Stone to Italy for part of solution.	Standard brand
THE CHRISTINE DIAMOND *Mrs. Belloc Lowndes* (Longmans: $2.)	English castle scene of jewel robbery laid at door of penniless social-secretary. Shady sleuth, and girl's wealthy lover right matters.	Triumph of virtue over wickedness of nobility described at great length and with considerable emotion. Mainly for simple-minded readers.	Innocuous

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THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

EGGS, BEANS AND CRUMPETS. By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday, Doran. 1940. 312 *pp.* $2.

The jacket speaks of this as being by "Dr. Wodehouse (Litt.D. Cantab.)," but surely the sister university has not yet followed the example of Oxford; although no doubt in conferring this Cambridge degree the blurb-writer is merely proleptic. In any case, this presents Dr. Wodehouse's latest researches into the flora and fauna of the Drones' Club, the Anglers' Rest where Mr. Mulliner comes down to drink, and the golf club which is the habitat of the Oldest Member, with their hinterlands. Altogether, there are a baker's dozen of stories—though the baker's dozen is not all crumpets. Six of them are about Stanley Featherstonhaugh Ukridge, who never quite succeeds in living by his wits because his many schemes are too lofty for this banana-peel-bestrewn world. Of the remainder, one is by the Oldest Member and one by Mr. Mulliner. Two are concerned with that Incomplete Amorist, Freddy Widgeon, who fails to win two distinct ladies, in spite of his effecting a heroic rescue from a man with a pitchfork and in spite of his taking the even more heroic course of studying up "The Lady of Shalott" to please a girl who likes Tennyson. Surely the tragic catharsis here is almost too bitter a draft; when Freddy had rescued a damsel at great personal peril, he should have been forgiven if his natural absorption led him to leave somebody else's baby in a headmaster's study a couple of times. The baby, you will be interested to know, belongs to young Bingo Little, the hero of the remaining stories. He is now a happy father, but his adored wife still keeps him so short of cash that to get a few pounds to put on a horse he is forced to be almost as many-wily as Ulysses or Ukridge himself. Dr. Wodehouse now, as ever, gets his best results when his Eggs are broke; but when he has broken his Eggs, he makes a deliciously fresh omelet.

B. D.

Broken Pledges

BROKEN PLEDGES. By Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran. 1940.320 *pp.* $2.50.

IN this new novel Sir Philip Gibbs has virtually crossed the border-line of fiction, and has used the slender theme of a romantic marriage as a pretext for making a survey of the international situation during 1939. To combine the presentation of actual and imaginary circumstances is no simple task. With such a dual motive the author, unless he have the discrimination of an epicure and the equilibrium of a tight-rope artiste, is almost bound to bend his material to suit his theory. The theory to which the characters of "Broken Pledges" are sacrificed is that England, or rather the conduct of British policy under the premiership of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, is right.

The theme is devastatingly simple. John Barton, foreign correspondent for the *New York Observer,* falls in love with Lady Anne Ede, "flower of British Beauty," and eventually marries her. Judy Barton, John's sister, falls in love with and marries Robin Bramley, Anne's cousin. The impending war is their background.

The dramatic possibilities of the story of people in love, on the brink of war, and divided by conflicting loyalties, depend upon the capacity of the author to enter into and recreate the human emotions at a moment of such tensity. Lady Anne Ede and her companions appear to be singularly void of human emotions, although prodigal of emotional clichés, and their story, therefore, is rather threadbare. These lay figures of impeccable patriotism seem to have been fished up at random from a pool of generalization, and are set up as average types.

The political implications of the book, and the opinions on which the author takes his stand are likely to arouse the scepticism of the most credulous. The thesis that Mr. Chamberlain could not have been expected to know at the time of the Munich Pact that Hitler was apt to break his pledges, that war could and should still be averted by an enormous bribe to Italy, and that, failing this happy compromise, America should immediately join the Allies, is not supported by arguments that are valid, or even plausible.

E. H.

History

FROM COWHIDES TO GOLDEN FLEECE. The Story of Thomas O. Larkin. By Reuben L. Underhill. Stanford University Press. 1940. $3.50.

A great deal of interesting California history is bound up with the career of Thomas O. Larkin, whose house in Monterey is familiar to every tourist. This shrewd Yankee trader, arriving on the coast in 1832, became the first important businessman on the Pacific Coast. He was the only American consul in the province while Mexico ruled it, and represented American interests when revolt and disorder swept the land. He was a friend of Sutter, and gave that picturesque Swiss dreamer supplies on credit while he was building up New Helvetia. When the stormy events of 1846 came on, Larkin, both a warm friend to the native Californians and a staunchly loyal American, was in the thick of events. He saw Commodore Sloat raise the American flag over the Monterey custom-house, never to come down; he watched his friend Frémont lead the California Battalion through Monterey streets on its errand of conquest; he was himself taken prisoner by the Mexicans. After the war he was the leading merchant and real-estate speculator of the territory—perhaps its first millionaire. The great days of the gold rush found him again near the centre of the stage, and it was he who sold to Frémont that Mariposa ranch which later was valued at ten millions. When he died in 1858 he was one of the great figures of the new State.

The story of this crowded life has waited long for an adequate telling; but at last it has received a book which no student of Western history

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SIEGE
by JULIEN BRYAN
Introduction and captions by Maurice Hindus

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can neglect, and which many general readers should find of interest. Mr. Underhill has thoroughly explored the ten large volumes of Larkin Papers in the Bancroft Library at Berkeley, previously almost untouched. They have yielded a wealth of letters by Larkin relating to his work as consul, his mercantile activities, and California land-speculation. They have also yielded some striking letters by Sutter, Sloat, Commodore Stockton, Frémont, Jessie Benton Frémont, and various Mexican officials; a rich haul. Even one important letter from that enigmatic figure, Lieut. A. H. Gillespie, who brought (or did he?) word from Polk that Frémont was to begin the Conquest, may be found here. And the papers have furnished data for drawing a remarkable picture of Mexican California before the American invasion, during the battles of 1846, and in the hectic days of the gold-seekers.

A. N.

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$2.50, Harrison-Hilton Books, N.Y.

"It brings to life a gay, lovable, fiercely possessive people."
—*Saturday Review*

"Admirably done. . . . The only fictional presentation of the South Triroleans."
—*N. Y. Times*

"A vivid experience. Its 400 pages seem too short. —*Philadelphia Record*

THE VALLEY OF EXILE

By L. F. LOVEDAY PRIOR

$2.50 Harrison-Hilton Books, N. Y.

TRADE WINDS

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

GOOD NEWS was fairly scarce this week, but we point with pleasure to one item: Ralph Ingersoll's inter-office memo for the staff of the forthcoming newspaper *PM*. He says "*PM* will be written in English—as distinct from journalese." ☞We had put the old war-books away, long ago; had scarcely thought to be looking at them again; but strange memories came, we found ourself thinking of a sonnet *To Germany* by young Charles Sorley (who was killed in France in 1915), and looking it up found that the very date we write (May 19) was Sorley's birthday. ☞We turned to C. E. Montague's *Disenchantment* (1922) and found in his ironical chapter "The Duty of Lying" an interesting suggestion of strategy:

> "Suppose us again at war with a Power less strong at sea than ourselves. If we should want its fleet to come out and fight in the open, why not evoke, some fine morning, from every voice in our daily press, a sudden and seemingly irrepressible cry of grief and rage over the unconcealable news that our Grand Fleet, while ranging the seas, had struck a whole school of drift mines and lost half its numbers?"

☞Montague made many odd and brilliant suggestions in that chapter, we hope his book is required reading (it should be) at every War College.

★ ★

☞Old Q.'s pleasantest adventure lately was calling upon the eminent Caliph A. Edward Newton, who during a long and painful illness has ensconced himself in a famous old hotel and surrounded himself there by some of his favorite books, pictures and Staffordshire ware. The many readers whom A. E. N. has delighted will be happy to know that neither physical suffering nor news of the world's disasters have shaken our good Caliph's morale; we found him reading a volume of essays by Arundel Esdaile, in particular a paper on the 18th century bookseller John Dunton. Mr. Newton remarked that all biographies should be styled, as Dunton called his own, *The Life and Errors of*. He was much astonished by the check-list of A. E. N. items recently compiled by the Franklin Bookshop, 107 South 12 Street, Philadelphia. ☞We ourself thought we knew our Newtoniana fairly well, but noted a new one in that list: a book on *Modern Switchboards and the Appliances Used Thereon* (Phila., 1898) by Albert B. Herrick, to which A. E. N. made some contribution.

★ ★

☞An amusing instance of the ramifications of bibliophily: the day the Franklin checklist was issued some undergraduates of a certain university were due for admonition from the Dean. They got off easier than they expected: what they don't know is that the Dean, a Newton collector, was with child to look through the catalogue which had just arrived in the mail. ☞Another piece of good news: the omnibus reprint of Don Marquis's archy and mehitabel saga will soon arrive from Doubleday Doran. Over 600 pp of the philosophic roach and the corybantic alley-cat. ☞A book we have a hunch is well worth reading (we haven't seen it) *Adventures of a Biologist* by J. B. S. Haldane. Many years ago we rowed just behind Jack Haldane in an 8-oared boat. We have never forgotten the zeal of his massive shoulders; a man who could put such bite on the blade of an oar would surely be a good writer.

★ ★

☞Another ancient reminiscence is that some of the earliest published writing of Mrs. Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto, distinguished interpreter of Japan in English, appeared in a newspaper column we once conducted in Philadelphia. Her *A Daughter of the Samurai* became a classic in its own field. ☞Mrs. Sugimoto's new story, *Grandmother O Kyo*, seems to suggest that since her return to Japan she has accepted the mood of Japanese imperialism. ☞For many years we have occasionally studied the miscellaneous advertising (of small shops and specialties all over the world) in the *Christian Science Monitor*, one of the most agreeable little microcosms of civilization to be found anywhere. Although they never knew it, such remote merchants as C. Carlsson, Ladies' Hairdresser in Melbourne, Australia, or Adams the bookseller in Durban, South Africa, or R. Passy the cheese specialist in Geneva, or Percy Luck for fruits and groceries in Stockholm, have long been under our affectionate eye. There was the Orchid Perfumery at 66 Bygdö Alle in Oslo, and J. Knuchel of Berne, Switzerland, who had *Strümpfe in allen Qualitäten*. If and when these good little ads disappear in the universal cinders (we haven't seen a *Monitor* since the end of April, they were all still going then) we shall know civilization as we understood it is again on the rack. We can fall back on Sonny Boy's Fruit Co. of West Palm Beach, or that hotel in Boston oddly named the Fritz-Carlton (1138 Boylston Street), but it was the foreign ads that fascinated us.

☞Brother C. Philip of Manhattan College writes:

> "Couldn't Shakespeare be given some credit for his description of

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"Trojan horse tactics" in *King Lear*, act III, scene i? Kent is speaking:

There is division
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, t'wixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Throned and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; . . . who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.

1. THE ARKANSAS

(*Continued from page 5*)

nounced by Judge M. P. Gerry in 1883 on a prospector who killed, and then barbecued, his five companions. Noting the murder but not its sequel, the judge declared: "I shall pass lightly over the other sickening details of your crime. Enough to say, Alfred Packer, God damn your soul, you have eaten up the Democratic majority in Hinsdale County."

On this really gorgeous and competently illustrated book only one note of criticism may properly be entered. There could well be more about Arkansas River navigation, some description of the steamboats, their former routes, crews, and cargoes. That the Eastern Cherokees, five thousand or more, were taken by steamboat down the Tennessee and Ohio to the Mississippi on their way to Oklahoma is not remarked. Nor does the author record that thousands of the Eastern Indians were carried by boat up the Arkansas clear to their destination in a Land of Exile. Potentially, was not this the most dramatic service the river ever performed?

Garden Book Competition

The Macmillan Company announces a competition for the best garden book manuscript by an author who has not published a garden book previously. The award will be $1,000.00; $500.00 of which will be an outright payment, and $500.00 an advance against royalties.

The competition will close November 30, 1940, and the award will be announced January 2, 1941. The final judges of the contest will be Carol Fleming, Channel Bookshop, New York City; Elizabeth Hall, Librarian, New York Botanical Garden; and H. S. Latham, Vice President and Editor of The Macmillan Company.

Brochures giving the conditions of the contest, together with entry blanks, may be obtained from Prize Garden Book Competition, The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Double-Crostics: No. 322

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

			1-J	2-A	3-I	4-R		5-A	6-R	7-I		8-V	9-B	10-A	11-O	
12-Z	13-W	14-O	15-P		16-P	17-M	18-B	19-G		20-P	21-V	22-Z	23-T	24-I	25-K	
26-H	27-R	28-L		29-T	30-V	31-X	32-L	33-A	34-J	35-O		36-Q	37-L	38-B	39-N	40-U
41-D	42-E	43-C	44-M	45-G		46-T	47-W	48-L	49-E	50-J		51-Q	52-M	53-C	54-X	55-A
	56-J	57-B	58-Z	59-N	60-K	61-G		62-P	63-V	64-K	65-S	66-I	67-O	68-M		69-H
70-X		71-M	72-P	73-R	74-Y		75-W	76-H		77-W	78-H	79-F		80-Y	81-F	82-L
83-H		84-C	85-R		86-H	87-R		88-Q	89-D	90-B	91-Y	92-T	93-I	94-M	95-U	96-C
	97-T	98-X		99-V	100-N	101-D	102-L	103-M		104-Q	105-F	106-P	107-X		108-N	109-P
110-I	111-V	112-T	113-U	114-C		115-E	116-B		117-Z	118-C	119-T	120-I	121-F	122-K		123-Y
124-I	125-S	126-X	127-Q		128-C	129-I	130-W		131-X	132-A	133-M		134-E	135-W	136-N	137-U
	138-V	139-W	140-C		141-A	142-U	143-Q	144-K	145-T		146-G	147-X		148-B	149-E	
150-U	151-J	152-A	153-B	154-O	155-F	156-W		157-R		158-H	159-S	160-N	161-G		162-E	163-G
	164-X	165-G	166-W		167-D	168-S	169-B	170-Y		171-Y	172-W	173-K		174-P	175-D	176-Z
177-J	178-T	179-N	180-Y													

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 26 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Irascible.

B. Household arts.

C. Flies away, escapes.

D. Compass, scope.

E. American author, educator (1870——).

F. Shakespearean Welsh parson.

G. Trumpet-horn of ancient Hebrews.

H. Dust storm (Egypt).

I. State of being void of sense.

J. Human relationship.

K. Hoaxed (slang).

L. Reclaimed rubber.

M. Author of "Upstream."

N. Summary, abstract.

O. Author of "Night Thoughts."

P. Small insignificant persons (colloq.)

Q. Shrewdly sagacious.

R. Flimsy.

S. Kind of boy's cap.

T. Delighting to ecstasy.

U. Crumbly.

V. Projecting of boundaries.

W. "Romance" by Hawthorne.

X. Complicating, twining.

Y. Invested (with).

Z. Ostentatious.

WORDS

152 2 132 141 10 55 33 5

9 169 148 38 90 57 153 116 18

128 43 84 140 118 114 53 96

101 175 89 167 41

42 115 49 149 162 134

79 105 81 121 155

45 165 163 161 19 146 61

158 78 26 86 83 69 76

66 24 3 129 124 93 120 110 7

34 151 56 177 50 1

144 64 122 25 60 173

32 37 48 28 102 82

71 44 133 17 103 94 52 68

160 59 100 108 179 39 136

11 67 154 14 35

16 109 72 29 174 106 15 62

88 127 36 143 51 104

4 157 73 85 6 27 87

159 65 168 125

29 46 119 178 92 145 23 97 112

150 95 142 40 113 137

138 99 111 63 8 30 21

47 172 75 77 135 156 130 13 139 166

54 70 164 98 107 147 31 131 126

91 180 80 171 123 74 170

176 117 58 12 22

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